

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

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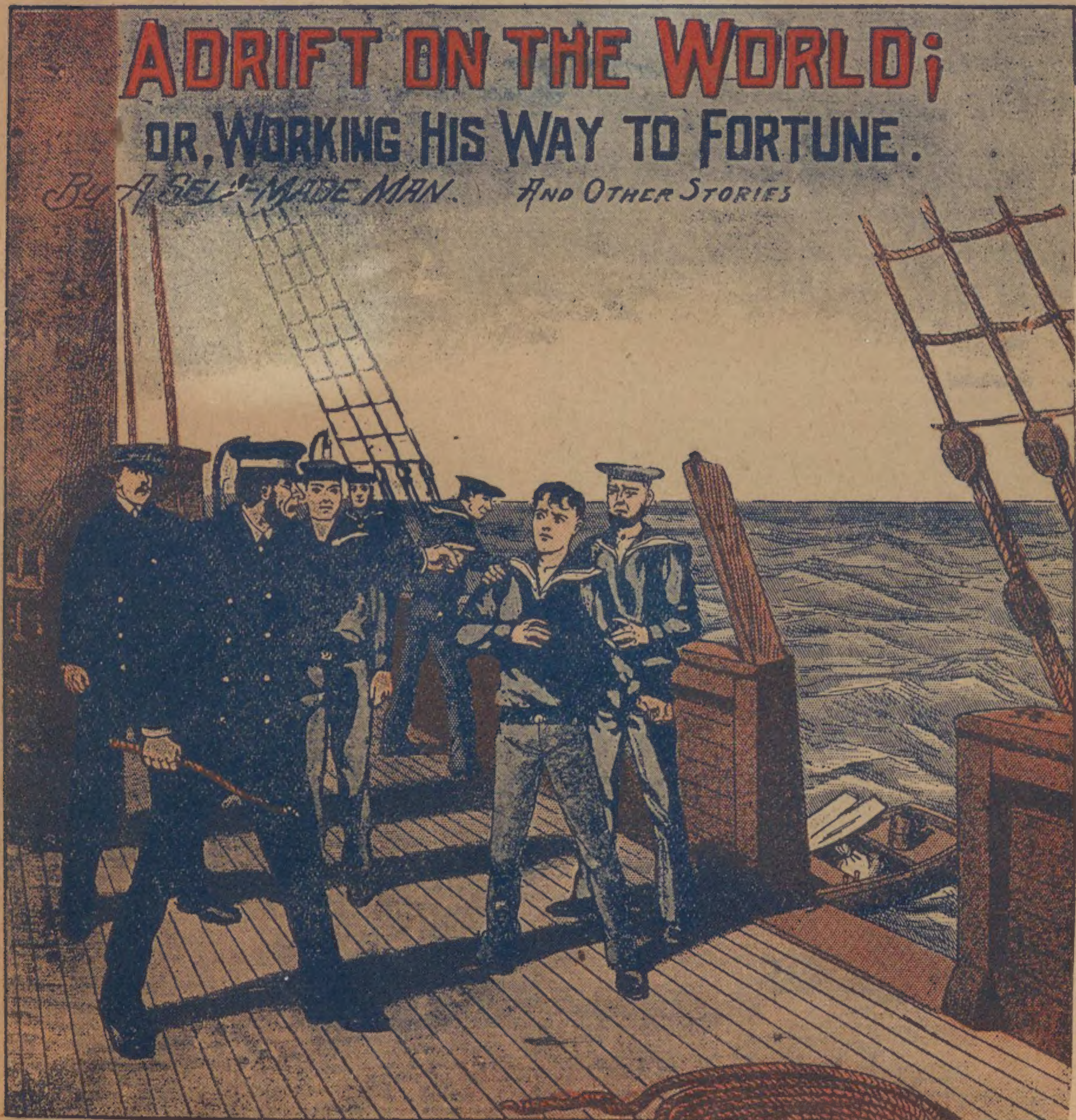
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FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

ADRIFT ON THE WORLD; OR, WORKING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE.

By A SELF-MADE MAN. AND OTHER STORIES



"Now, you mutinous young dog!" exclaimed Captain Simpson, pointing at the open sea. "Down with you into that boat!" "You can't mean to send me adrift in that cockle-shell with a storm coming up!" cried Dick, aghast at the prospect.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 957

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1924

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ADrift ON THE WORLD

OR, WORKING HIS WAY TO FORTUNE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Death Bell.

Boom!—Boom!—Boom! The somber note of a deep-toned bell, thrice repeated, at intervals of exactly fifteen seconds, smote upon the blustering night air, and the dull sound, caught by the wind, was borne for a mile down the winding, country road to the ears of three persons in a light wagon, two of whom were boys, that was rattling along at a rapid rate in the direction whence the bell note had come.

"What's that, John?" asked the elder of the two boys—fine, handsome young fellow, of athletic build, known for many miles around in that neighborhood as Paul Prescott, the only son and heir of George Prescott, a retired merchant, of Prescott's Roost, West Newbury, Mass.

The old man, he was all of eighty, but hale and strong for his age, who drove the team of bays, shook his head solemnly, while a shiver ran through his frame, and a look of sadness gathered upon his countenance.

He recognized in it the death-knell of Mr. Prescott, the father of the lad who had just spoken, and he believed, as firmly as if the words had been spoken in his ear, that the boy in question was now an orphan. There was a mystery about that bell that no one had ever been able to fathom. It hung in a small, weather-scarred belfry above the roof of Prescott's Roost, between the twin, ivy-clad stone towers that formed a picturesque effect to the front of the house facing the road. When Mr. Prescott came into possession of the property, all but the front part of the ancient structure was in a state of ruin and decay. It was surrounded by fifty acres of land, and he got it at a bargain. Instead of razing the whole of the old building, the new owner rebuilt it on its former lines, leaving the original front as it was, for the romantic aspect of the ivy-covered towers and castellated entrance appealed to his artistic eye.

The crumbling bell-tower, with its solid-looking iron bell, so rusted to its fastenings that no two men could stir it from its perpendicular position, was permitted to remain. There was a legend in the neighborhood that when the former owners of

the house died, one by one, the old bell rang out three times at the moment each breathed their last. One summer evening at dusk, about three months later, the bell boomed out its three solemn notes once more. It was heard two miles away, for the night was still, and gave rise to much speculation as to whether Mr. Prescott or his son Paul, neither of which was known to be ill, had died suddenly from some unexpected cause. The two in question were sitting on the rear porch in perfect health at the moment the mysterious note floated out, and when that fact became known it looked as if the bell had rung a false alarm. A letter received a week later by Mr. Prescott, however, conveyed the intelligence of his only sister's death at the very hour that the bell had spoken, and that confirmed the gruesome record of the mysterious bell.

A week before our story opens, Mr. Prescott had been taken seriously ill. At the time, his son Paul was away from home at a boarding-school in the suburbs of Gloucester. Faber Prescott, Paul's uncle, and the black sheep of the family, was stopping at the Roost on a brief visit, at his own invitation. He was a man whose inclinations were altogether opposite to those of his successful brother George. He led a rapid, and, to some extent, a questionable life, and consequently was nearly always on the ragged edge of fortune. He was now a widower, with one son, seventeen years old, named Henry. The boy was very much like his father in many respects, and those respects were not to his credit. He occasionally visited the Roost at his Uncle George's request, but he and his cousin Paul never got on well together.

They could assimilate no better than oil and water. As soon as the owner of the Roost was taken sick, Faber proceeded to boss the ranch in a way that did not add to his popularity in the household. From the first George Prescott seemed to have a premonition that he wasn't going to live long, and had requested his brother to send for Paul, but that gentleman took his time about doing it. In fact, strange to say, the first message he sent was to his son Henry, telling him to come on to the Roost. Finally George Prescott, who had

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reason to distrust his brother, wondering why his son failed to come home, put the matter in the hands of an old and valued employee named Tom Hazard, whom he had brought to live at the Roost, and Tom saw to it that Paul was immediately notified that his presence was desired at home on account of his father's illness. Paul left the school at once and started for home in a rather uneasy state of mind.

He had to take a train from Gloucester to Davenport in order to connect with the Boston & Maine for Newburyport. From that town he had to change to a branch line that stopped at Byfield, the nearest point to his home. He was astonished to meet his cousin Henry getting out of the B. & M. train at Newburyport, and to learn that he, too, was bound for the Roost. At such a time Henry's company was even less congenial than usual to him, but he put the best face he could on the matter, and tried to be friendly during the short run from Newburyport to Byfield, where they were met by old John Barnes, the coachman, with a fast team, who had been told by Faber Prescott to look out for his son if he came by that train. When the fateful bell rang out its death note, the party were within a mile of the Roost.

"What do you suppose that sound was, John?" asked Paul, again, seeing that the old man did not answer when first addressed.

"Nothin' much, Master Paul," he replied, in a choked voice, not having the heart to tell the truth, and bring the grief of anticipated misfortune to the lad's heart.

The team was now drawing near a cross-road, which led down to the Merrimac River. Just as they reached it the shrill scream of a girl broke upon their ears with a suddenness and intensity that startled them greatly and caused old John to rein in the horses.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Paul, starting up from his seat, and gazing fixedly in the direction the sound had come. "Some one is in trouble."

As he spoke a shadow loomed up in the cross-roads, to the left, and flitted toward them, followed by another and larger shadow, which detached itself from the obscurity behind, and seemed to be chasing the first.

"Save me! oh, save me!" came in piteous accents from the first shadow, which speedily resolved itself into a young girl.

"Stop, ye little vixen!" roared the second shadow, "or I'll flay yer alive when I get my hands on you!"

An appeal for help was never wasted on Paul Prescott. Springing to the ground, he ran toward the girl, who, in another moment, fell, exhausted, into his arms. He caught and held her just as her pursuer came up.

"Right ye are, young fellow," said the man, in a tone of satisfaction, advancing to grab the girl. "She gave me the slip from the schooner more'n an hour ago, and led me a pretty dance after her up the road; but I'll fix her when I get her back, or my old woman will, which is all the same. I'll be bound she won't light out no more after this."

"Hold on," said Paul, stepping between him and the girl. "What has she done to you, and why

should you be chasing her at this hour of the night, along a lonely road?"

"Didn't I jest tell ye that she lighted out from my schooner?" retorted the man, angrily.

"Don't let him take me back!" cried the girl, recovering her breath and clinging desperately to her young protector. "He's a brute, and so is his wife. They've done nothing but beat me since I came to live with them, three months ago."

"Oh, I'm a brute, am I?" roared the man, savagely. "Ye'll pay well for that as soon as ye're back on board."

He made a swoop at her, but Paul headed him off.

"None of that, I say!" cried the plucky boy. "I won't stand by and see any girl ill-treated by a big fellow like you."

"Blast yer!" yelled the man, springing at him.

But Paul was a stout boy and fully prepared for this demonstration on his part. While he was no match at all for the man in strength, he outclassed the rascal in alertness and activity.

He was fully aroused to the situation, and made no bones about landing a heavy swing on the fellow's jaw as he sidestepped to avoid his attack. What would have been the ultimate result of the scrap we cannot say. Probably it might have gone hard with Paul, for the ruffian was now aroused to a blind kind of fury. But at this point old John Barnes deemed it to be his duty to interfere, and he did it with the butt of his whip. There were several ounces of lead in it, and when it landed across the forehead of the rascal he went down in the road, like a stricken ox. He was partially stunned, but Paul saw that he would soon come to.

"Come, young lady," he said, "let me help you into the wagon. You shall go to my home with me and stop there to-night. In the morning you can decide what you had best do to keep clear of your persecutors."

The girl uttered no objection; in fact, she seemed glad to get as far away from the man who now lay in the dust of the road as possible, and permitted Paul to help her up on the seat he had vacated to go to her assistance.

"Get on the front seat with John, Henry," said Paul, so I can look after this young lady."

Henry, nothing loath, changed his seat, and soon the wagon was speeding on again, leaving the ruffian behind to pick himself up and retire from the scene.

CHAPTER II.—Dolly Curtis.

"What is your name, miss?" asked Paul, regarding the girl he had rescued with much interest, for despite her shabby attire, he easily saw that she was remarkably pretty, as well as interesting.

"Dolly Curtis," she answered, in a low, somewhat restrained tone, as she glanced rather timidly at the stalwart lad by her side, to whom she owed so much.

"Thank you," he said. "And I suppose you would like to know who I am?"

"If you will tell me," she replied, with another glance in his face, the Grecian beauty of which apparently impressed her.

"Well, my name is Paul Prescott, and I live at Prescott's Roost, only a short distance from here. I have been at school near Gloucester, and have just been called home by my father's illness. It was lucky for you, I guess, that we came along when we did."

"It was," she answered, "and I shall never forget what you have done for me as long as I live."

"That's all right," he answered lightly. "You don't suppose that any decent fellow would have given you up to that ruffian if he could have helped? At any rate, I would not."

"How strong and brave you are!" she exclaimed, admiringly.

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Dolly," he said, in a pleased tone. "Whatever you may decide on doing to-morrow, I hope we shall see more of each other than just this brief acquaintance. I should like to be of further service to you if I could. If I can be, don't hesitate to ask me. Now, won't you?"

The girl blushed and looked down, under his ardent gaze, and finally said she did not know what she was going to do, as she was an orphan, without home or friends.

"Well, you must let me be your friend, Miss Dolly," said Paul. "Then you won't stand in need of one as long as I'm around. As for a home, if you're willing to make yourself useful, I guess our housekeeper can find enough to keep you busy at the Roost."

Dolly expressed her gratitude to Paul for his offer, and said she would be glad if the housekeeper would take her on trial.

"Then, that is settled," said Paul, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now, tell me how came you to be connected with that rascal from whom I rescued you. Who is he, anyway? He spoke about a schooner—is he the skipper of one?"

"Yes. His name is Simpson Grinnidge. He is captain of the schooner Lively Polly, and makes regular trips between Gloucester and Nassau, on the Merrimac River. He lives, when on shore, at Gloucester, and I went to live with Mrs. Grinnidge when my aunt died, six months ago. Mrs. Grinnidge was not kind to me, and made me work hard. In fact, I was little better than a slave. I told her I meant to leave her at the end of the month. Then she locked me in a room and beat me dreadfully."

"She did!" exclaimed Paul, indignantly.

"Yes. She kept me a prisoner until her husband returned from his trip, and then he swore he'd be the death of me if I dared to leave. He said he'd find me wherever I went, and would drag me back and half kill me. When the schooner was ready to sail for Nassau again, Mrs. Grinnidge decided to go and see some relatives she has in New Hampshire, and she took me aboard the schooner with her yesterday afternoon, just before she sailed. Captain Grinnidge struck me this morning for some little thing, and swore at me in a terrible way. This evening, Mrs. Grinnidge found fault with me because I accidentally broke a plate when removing the dishes to the galley, and attacked me with a stick. The schooner happened to be tied to a wharf at the town yonder, and I fled ashore and ran up the road without knowing or caring where I went.

All I wanted was to get away from my persecutors. The captain followed me as soon as he found out that I had escaped from the schooner, and I hid from him by the roadside. When he went up a lane to see if I had gone toward the house near by, I ran on again. Finally it grew dark and I got confused and frightened, finding myself alone on a dreary road. While wondering what I was going to do, Captain Grinnidge came up and almost caught me. I screamed and ran away as fast as I could. Then I saw this wagon and you, and I begged you to protect me. And you did, and I shall be grateful to you forever."

"Well, don't worry any more. Captain Grinnidge won't dare come for you at my father's home. If he does he'll get fired out into the road."

"I never want to see him or Mrs. Grinnidge again. They are dreadfully cruel people. I will work very hard to please your housekeeper if she will let me stay at your home for a while at any rate."

"You'll stay all right. I'll make it plain to Mrs. Gray that I want you to remain, and that will settle it. You'll find her all right. Just do your best to help her, and I guess she'll take a liking to you, for she's just lost a daughter about your age that she thought the world of."

Henry Prescott had overheard much of the conversation which had taken place between his Cousin Paul and Dolly Curtis, and he sniffed at the idea of so much attention being paid to a poor and common girl, as he sized up Dolly.

"She's nothing but a pauper and a servant," he sneered to himself. "Paul must be crazy to treat her as if she was as good as himself. Low people like her ought to be kept in their place, otherwise they put on airs, and get to think they are somebodies. Paul is always putting himself out of the way to oblige some Tom, Dick or Harry. If I stood in his shoes, with all the property that's coming to him, you can bet I'd let folks know who I was. They'd take their hats off to me every time, you can gamble on that." Although he sneered at Dolly on account of her forlorn and friendless condition, he was rather taken by her fresh beauty and engaging manners. He decided that he would do her the honor of being friendly with her in a patronizing way.

CHAPTER III.—A Snake in the Grass.

About the time that the two boys left the Byfield station in the wagon, enroute for Prescott's Roost, matters of moment were transpiring at Paul's home. Faber Prescott, instead of being at his brother's bedside, as he ought to have been, considering the serious condition of that brother, was in the library doing things that he had no business to do. He was industriously searching the drawers and pigeonholes of his brother's desk, and prying into matters not intended for his eye.

There was a strong safe in the house, set in the wall of the dining-room, where the silverware and other valuable articles were kept, the combination of which was known to only one person beside the owner, and that was Tom Hazard, who performed some of the duties of a butler.

Faber Prescott, of course, knew about this safe, and had a general notion as to its contents, but he did not know that his brother kept his valuable documents in a small, inner compartment of this strong, steel box. Had his business instincts been reasonably developed he might have guessed the facts of the case, but Faber was impressed with the idea that all men keep their papers either in their desks, or in some secret drawer or box in their library or sleeping-room. While he was thus employed, his place in the sick-room was filled by Tom Hazard. Had he known what was transpiring there he certainly would have found some excuse of getting Tom out of the room.

"Tom, I am afraid I shan't survive this night," George Prescott was saying to his faithful attendant; "but if I live long enough to see my dear boy once more I shall die contented."

Tom bowed his head in real grief, for Mr. Prescott had been a kind and considerate employer during the thirty years he had worked for the owner of the Roost. He easily saw that the stamp of death was on Prescott's face, and did not doubt but his tenure of life was brief.

"It is a humiliating confession for me to make, but it is a fact that my brother is not a man who can be trusted. His life has been a misspent one from boyhood up, and it is too much to expect that he can change at this late day. I have felt compelled to come to his financial relief more times than I care to recall in order to save the name of Prescott from disgrace at his hands. His presence here at this time, instead of being the blessing to me that it ought to be, is, I fear, unfortunate. His actions during my illness have not pleased me. Had he sent for my son when I requested him to do so my boy would now be with me instead of miles away."

"Paul will surely be here within the hour, Mr. Prescott," Tom hastened to assure him. "Indeed, he must already be on his way home from the station."

"But for you, Tom, I fear he would yet have remained unnotified of my serious state, though it is five days since I asked my brother to send for him."

"It is a pity, then, that you did not tell me sooner that you wished to see him," said Tom. "I would have taken the responsibility of sending for him had I suspected that your illness was going to take such an unexpected turn."

"It is useless for us to consider now what might have been done. What I wish to say to you has far more weight. You're an old and valued employee, Tom. You served me faithfully in business for twenty-five years, and since I bought this place and settled down here, your services have been none the less valuable. I feel I can trust you, Tom."

"You can, indeed, sir."

"My brother will take charge just as soon after my death as possible; but not for many days, for as soon as my will is read it will be seen that Mr. Harrison, my Boston lawyer, has been appointed my administrator, in conjunction with yourself, and that I have designated you as guardian of my son until he comes of age. I wish you to become for the time being a second father to my boy. Promise me you will."

"I will," replied Tom, in a choked voice.

"I know that you will, and trust you fully," said George Prescott, his voice growing weaker. "Be careful to guard him against my brother, for I fear Faber will be greatly angered when he discovers that he has been left out in the cold as far as the handling of my property is concerned, and that he may endeavor to revenge himself in some way on my son, notwithstanding the relationship he bears toward him."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed to the letter, sir," observed Tom, solemnly. "Your brother has already shown his hand in a way not at all relished by the members of this household, and I regret to confirm your opinion that it would have been an unwise move on your part to have taken him into your confidence with respect to your property and the future of Paul."

As Tom spoke, a curtain, which screened an alcove, was moved aside, and a dark, scowling countenance peered in upon the dying man and his faithful friend. There was a similarity in looks between the man who lay helpless in bed and the man behind the curtain, yet the expression of their faces was different, for the influence of good and the influence of evil always leaves its traces on the human face. They were brothers, and the man, whom we must call an interloper, was Faber Prescott.

"Ah!" he muttered, as he gazed at his dying brother, "it is as I supposed. You have taken means to defraud me of my just right, and you have even gone so far as to warn this employee of yours against me, your own flesh and blood. A pretty brother you are, I must say," he added, sneeringly; "but do not imagine that I will quietly submit to play second fiddle, if by hook or crook I can defeat your amiable purpose. He laughs best who laughs last. We will see who holds the ace."

The eyes of the dying man had suddenly rested on his brother's face, projected through the folds of the curtain, and a spasm of apprehension lest Faber had overheard their conversation struck upon his heart and startled him at a moment when such a shock could not prove otherwise than fatal.

"Tom—Tom!" he gasped. "Look—look—there! My broth—"

He half raised himself in bed and pointed at the alcove. Tom Hazard, greatly startled himself, turned around and followed the indication of his arm, but saw nothing, for Faber Prescott had taken alarm and retreated from sight.

"I see no one. You must have been mistaken," he said.

Then suddenly upon the night air came the measured boom of the bell in the belfry on the roof. Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Great heaven!" cried Tom, in a hushed voice. "The death bell!"

He turned to look at his old employer, with a glance of apprehension. His worst fears were realized. George Prescott was dead.

CHAPTER IV.—Within An Inch of His Grasp.

Paul Prescott was overwhelmed with grief when he reached home and found that his father was

dead. Tom Hazard did his best to comfort him, but for a long time he did not succeed. Henry Prescott was very much surprised to learn of his uncle's death, but he was not particularly grief-stricken over that sad event. His father had always misrepresented his brother to him, so that Henry had come to consider that George Prescott had not done the right thing by them. He now felt certain that he and his father would take up their residence for some time to come at the Roost.

"I dare say the governor will have charge of Paul after this, and I hope he will make him walk a chalk line until he's twenty-one.

Such were Henry Prescott's reflections as he sat by himself at a table in the dining-room, eating the supper that had been prepared for Paul, for the poor bereaved lad had no thought or appetite for the meal. Faber Prescott, when he entered the chamber of death, immediately after his brother had expired, gave way to many expressions of profound grief, somewhat to the surprise of Tom Hazard, who was himself deeply moved. The faithful employee of the dead man began to wonder if the black sheep of the family didn't have a heart after all. In a short time Faber composed himself and then got Tom out of the room on an errand that was of no great importance. As soon as Tom was out of the way, Faber made a quick search for the trousers he had last seen on his brother, and, finding them folded on a chair, went through the pockets with uncommon dexterity. With a grunt of satisfaction he pulled out a ring full of keys.

"One of these is the key that fits the inner compartment of the safe," he muttered. "Now, which one is it? It won't do for me to take the whole bunch."

He carefully examined each one of the keys and finally came to the conclusion that the small, flat key was the right one. He detached it from the ring, put it in his vest-pocket and returned the others to the pocket of the trousers, which he carefully replaced as they were before. When Tom returned, after spreading the sad news among the servants, Faber was bending over his brother, with his handkerchief to his eyes. He rose as soon as Tom appeared and walked with dejected mien from the room.

"If I could manage to get hold of the will and destroy it, then the law would give me a certain standing next to the direct heir. I could probably insist on being appointed Paul's guardian because of my close relationship to him. What passed between my brother and this Tom Hazard would have no weight in court, because it could not be corroborated, and Lawyer Harrison's statement that he drew up a will for my brother, while it would be believed, would amount to little if the will was not produced. It is true that in the end Paul would succeed to the property as the heir-at-law, but I would be able to claim something, while as his guardian I should help myself to as much as sharp practice would admit of. The whole of my prospects hangs upon the disappearance of the will. That would be an easy matter to accomplish, now that I believe I have the key to the inner compartment of the safe, if I only possessed the combination which opens the door.

Tom alone holds that now. If it were possible I'd bribe him. I fear that is out of the question. These faithful employees are too infernally honest. Perhaps I may be able to think up some scheme for forcing the secret from him—some way in which my agency would not be suspected. He who has the brain to contrive, and the will to execute, generally comes out on top."

The rattling of the wagon, bearing old John and the two boys, on the gravel carriage-path outside put an end, for the time being, to his plotting. Next morning the news was carried about the neighborhood that George Prescott was dead. During the day the neighbors on terms of intimacy with the Prescotts called to offer their condolence. Faber and his son had had a long interview after breakfast, and Henry was brought to view his father in a new light. Whatever confidences passed between them, they fell in with his father's views, and having been instructed to keep a close watch on Tom Hazard's movements, faithfully carried out directions to the letter. Consequently, when Tom started for Byfield at about ten o'clock to telegraph to Lawyer Harrison in Boston, Faber was at once informed of the fact.

"Very well. Now run and tell old John Barnes to saddle Black Bess for me, as I have a visit to make."

"Are you going to Byfield, father?" asked Henry, curiously.

"Why do you wish to know?" asked his father, sharply.

"Oh, nothing. I just asked, that's all. By the way, here is a small wallet that Tom Hazard dropped out of his pocket as he was getting into the wagon."

"Give it to me," said Faber, eagerly grasping it.

Henry gave it up, readily enough. As soon as Henry left the room, Faber opened the wallet and deftly examined its contents. There were a number of unimportant memoranda that did not interest him, but in a small pocket, made to hold postage stamps, Faber found something that not only interested but greatly excited him. It was a slip of paper on which were scribbled a set of figures.

"I believe this is the combination of the safe. If I am right, I shall not need to follow Hazard to Byfield."

He hastened down to the dining-room, which was deserted. He turned the key in both doors and then, with the paper in his grasp, he proceeded to test the matter in hand. It was the combination, and inside of a few moments the big steel door swung open on its hinges. The interior was well filled with silverware and other articles of considerable value. Taking the small, flat key, from his vest-pocket, Faber found, with a thrill of exultation, that it fitted the inner key-hole. To open the small, steel door and thrust in his hand was the work of but a moment.

He grasped a pile of papers of various sizes and drew them forth. Rushing over to one of the windows he eagerly sorted them out. At that moment the handle of one of the doors was turned sharply by somebody on the other side. Faber started as though stung by a venomous insect, and half of the papers dropped to the floor. One of them slid underneath a light table standing

close at hand. The rascally brother stood trembling for a moment after the sound ceased and then pulled himself together.

"Pshaw! What a fool I am to be rattled for nothing," he exclaimed, stooping and picking up the papers, excepting the one that was out of sight.

Then he went on quickly but carefully, looking at each of the documents he had taken from the safe. The will was not among them.

"Strange!" he muttered. "I distinctly heard my brother say, with almost his last breath, that it was in this place. Could he have removed it and then forgotten the circumstance? It isn't like my brother to do such a thing. Then where can it be?"

He searched through the other parts of the safe without finding the paper. At last he was satisfied that the will was not in the safe. He locked the inner compartment, after restoring the papers that were of no use to him, and then shut the safe door. After that he unlocked both doors and retired to the library to brood over his keen disappointment and chagrin.

CHAPTER V.—Henry Prescott Shows the Cloven Foot.

While he was thus engaged, Henry appeared and told him that Black Bess was ready.

"I have changed my mind," said his father, shortly. "I shan't want her after all."

"May I use her, then, father?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Very well, but be careful she does not throw you."

Henry hastened away and was soon galloping down the road.

"I must return that key to the bunch. It is of no further use to me," mused Faber, when he was alone again.

He went into the room where his brother had just been laid out by the undertaker from the adjacent village, who had gone to get a suitable coffin for the deceased, and finding the trousers in the same place, undisturbed, he replaced the key on the ring and left the room. Paul Prescott all this time was in the seclusion of his room.

During the afternoon he spent an hour with his dead father, and then Tom, after his return from Byfield, persuaded him to go out for a short walk. Although overwhelmed by the death of his father, Paul did not altogether forget the girl he had saved from the persecution of Captain Grinnidge. Meeting the housekeeper in the dining-room, he spoke to her about Dolly Curtis.

"I want you to do all you can for her, Mrs. Gray, for I think she is a good girl. You will greatly oblige me by looking after her, for she is an orphan, like myself."

"Be assured, Paul, that I will do all I can for her," said the housekeeper, kindly. "Since you wish it, she shall have a home here with me. I have already taken a great fancy to her. She seems gentle, affectionate and willing. Perhaps she may yet come to fill the void left in my heart by the death of my own dear child," she added, in a faltering tone. "At any rate, my heart goes

out to her, and I shall try to win her confidence and love."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gray," replied Paul.

Then he left the house for a little exercise in the crisp afternoon air. While he was away, Henry got back from his ride. He had ridden Black Bess pretty hard, and the animal was covered with sweat when he brought her to the stable. Old John, who looked after the horses, was angry at her appearance.

"What have you been doing to Bess?" he asked, curtly. "I thought it was your father that wanted to ride her, instead of which it seems that it was yourself."

"My father changed his mind when I told him the mare was ready, and he said that I could use her," replied Henry, haughtily.

"You forget, young man, that your father is not master of Prescott's Roost," replied John Barnes, with equal sharpness.

"He will be after the funeral," answered the boy, with a confident nod.

"All right, young man, have it your way," replied John, who didn't care to carry on an ill-timed and useless argument, leading Bess into the stable.

"Yah!" snarled Henry, looking after him. "I don't like you for a cent. Perhaps you won't be here forever."

Then, feeling thirsty, he started toward a spring in a grove near by to get a drink. When Henry walked into the grove he found Dolly Curtis there with a pail.

"Hello! you here?" he grinned, in a self-complaisant way. "Gimme a drink, will you?"

Without a word, she filled a tin dipper and handed it to him. He accepted it without any thanks, and drank the contents.

"So you're the girl we picked up last night along the road, eh? Who was you running away from? Your old man?"

Dolly shook her head, and, raising her filled pail, started to leave the grove.

"Hold on. Don't be in a hurry," said Henry, detaining her. "I want to talk to you. What did you say your name was? Dolly something?"

"You'll have to excuse me; I'm in a hurry," she replied, trying to pass him.

"Oh, come off! There isn't any need for you to be in a rush, especially when it's me who's talking to you. I suppose you don't know who I am? Well, my name is Henry Prescott. It's my uncle who has just passed in his checks. My father will be the boss of this property after the funeral—in fact, he's the whole thing now, for that matter. If you want to stay at this place you've got to be good to me, see?"

"You!" flashed Dolly, in surprise. "Mrs. Gray, the housekeeper, told me that Paul Prescott, the boy who so bravely saved me last night, is the master of this place. It was his father who died."

"That's all right. He'll own it after a few years, but while he's under age my father is going to run the Roost. My father will be his guardian, and will live here while he's in charge. And, of course, I'll live here, too. In fact, I'll have a good deal more to say than my cousin will. If I said you'd have to go, my father would back me up, and what could my cousin do? Noth-

ing. You'd have to take a sneak. Now if you treat me right you can stay as long as you want to."

"Treat you right!"

"Yes. Do whatever I tell you to do. Now, to begin with, I want you to give me a kiss."

"Never!" cried Dolly, indignantly, backing away from him.

"You'd better, if you know when you're well off," said Henry, darkly. "Remember what I just told you. If you don't keep in with me your name here will be mud."

"You haven't any right to talk to me that way," flashed Dolly, with some spirit. "I shall ask the housekeeper whether you have anything to say or not."

"Ask her," sneered Henry. "If she doesn't mind her P's and Q's she'll get the bounce, too. I'll bet my governor will have a new set of servants, anyway, and I hope he will, for the old ones imagine they own the place."

"I don't think you talk very nice, and your uncle dead in the house," said Dolly, a bit resentfully.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. You don't seem to be a bit sorry for your cousin. He went out for a walk a little while ago. You ought to have gone with him to cheer him up."

"Oh, I ain't stuck on him. He isn't my style."

"I should say he isn't. He's brave, and handsome, and generous, while you—you're mean and disagreeable."

"Oh, I'm mean and disagreeable, am I?" he snarled.

"Yes, you are, so there!"

"Are you going to give me a kiss?"

"No! I wouldn't kiss you for a million dollars."

"Then I'll make you."

He seized her by the wrist and gave it a sudden turn that brought a scream of pain to her lips.

"Now will you kiss me?"

"No!" she flashed.

He gave her wrist another twist. Her second scream brought help in the person of Paul Prescott.

CHAPTER VI.—Henry's Important Discovery.

"What are you doing to Miss Curtis, Henry?" asked Paul, sternly. "Let go of her wrist."

"What are you chipping in here for where you're not wanted?" snorted his cousin.

"Let go her wrist, do you hear?"

There was that in Paul's eye which warned Henry to take heed, and being a coward at heart he dropped Dolly's arm and, with a dark, revengeful look at his cousin, he hastily left the grove.

"I hope he didn't hurt you, Miss Dolly," said Paul, turning to the girl, whose flushed face and tearful eyes showed that she had been under a strain.

"I don't know," she replied, hesitatingly, looking gratefully at him.

He took up her little hand and saw that she winced.

"He did hurt you, then? Allow me to apologize for him."

"No, you shan't apologize for him—he isn't

worth it. I don't like him, and I never will, even if he is your cousin. He isn't at all like you. You've treated me so generously, while he—he insulted me."

"I am sorry," replied Paul. "He shan't do it again. I won't stand for it."

"He told me that if I don't do what he wanted me to he'd have me sent away."

"He told you that?"

"Yes. He said that his father was in charge of this place now, and that you wouldn't have anything to say for some years. He told me that he and his father were going to live here."

"I don't believe my father's will makes his father my guardian. I have understood differently. Henry, I think, will find himself mistaken. So he threatened you, did he? Don't worry, Miss Dolly. I told you I'd stand by you, and I will."

"You are very good to me. And, oh, Mr. Paul, I'm so sorry for you in your trouble. I wish I could do something to make you feel less unhappy, indeed, indeed I do."

She spoke earnestly, and Paul, looking into her face, saw that a great sympathy for him overflowed in her eyes. He was much affected by this exhibition of feeling on her part. He recognized in her a warm and true friend in that dark hour of his life. In fact, he felt so grateful for her girlish sympathy that hardly realizing what he did, he put his arm around her, drew her toward him and kissed her.

"Oh, Mr. Paul!" she exclaimed, starting back in great confusion, while her face grew scarlet.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dolly," he said, hastily, holding her hand, which she did not attempt to withdraw from his grasp. "I couldn't help it. Forgive me."

"I—I am not angry with you," she answered, softly, with downcast eyes.

"Then I am glad. I kissed you because I saw the sympathy your face expressed for me. At the moment you seemed just like a dear sister who was trying to comfort me when I most need it. I thank you for that sympathy, and, believe me, if you will let me, I will be your one true friend for life. May I?"

"I am not worthy to——"

"Not worthy? Why, you're the best and truest girl I have ever met. If you are an orphan, so am I now. I have no blood relative in the world but Henry and his father, and I do not trust either. But I can trust you, Dolly. Be a sister to me. Let me be a brother to you. Let me always protect you, and let me always feel that in you I have some one to care for. Shall this be as I wish?"

"Do you really wish it?" she asked, shyly.

"I do. Is it yes?"

"Yes—Paul."

In the meantime, Henry entered the house in a very bad humor. He was furious at his cousin, and yearned for a chance to get square with him.

At that moment his sharp eyes noticed an oblong document lying on the polished floor where the table had stood. Curiosity had induced him to pick it up and examine it. The word "Will" was printed in large, plain type on the back.

"What's this?" he said, in some surprise, gazing at the word.

He looked at it closer. What he saw made all his hungry sensations vanish in a moment.

"Will of George Prescott. Dated, April 16. Why, can this be my uncle's will? What is it doing here?"

He started to open it, then reconsidered the matter, put it into his pocket and hastened up to his own room, where he locked himself in. Taking the will from his pocket, he read it over from the beginning to the end.

"Whew! This leaves everything to Paul, except \$1,000 to my father and a paltry \$500 to me. That beast of a Tom Hazard is appointed his guardian, and is also made an associate administrator of the estate, with the lawyer who drew this up. Why, father is left out in the cold altogether. That's a nice way for my uncle to treat us, I must say. The governor won't have a thing to say about anything, and, of course, he and I will be dumped out of this soft snap we have calculated on. Gee! I must run and put him wise to the whole thing."

Henry got up and started for the door. Suddenly he stopped, and a shrewd grin came over his face.

"No, I won't. I'll just hold on to this will myself. If the old thing isn't found when it's wanted the provisions won't go. Then my father will have something to say, I guess. He's entitled to a good rake-off, and I'll bet he'll get it. But where do I come in? I won't get the \$500 in that case. I know what I'll do. I'll just hold this over the governor's head. If he refuses to cough up when I want money I'll threaten to send the will to Lawyer Harrison, and put myself in line for the \$500. He'll be glad to knuckle down to me, bet your life. Nothing like being able to make one's old man toe the mark when you want him to."

Henry grinned in a satisfied way, and returned the will to his pocket.

CHAPTER VII.—The Missing Will.

Immediately after the funeral of George Prescott, which was largely attended by the best people of West Newbury, Lawyer Harrison, who had arrived in response to Tom Hazard's telegram, notified Faber Prescott that his old client's will would be read in the library after dinner. In accordance with Mr. Harrison's directions, Tom Hazard notified all the household to appear in the library at eight o'clock that evening. In due time dinner was announced and eaten by Faber, who sat at the head of the table, as a matter of courtesy, Lawyer Harrison, Paul, Henry and Tom Hazard. At the conclusion of the meal the first four adjourned to the library. In the course of half an hour Tom appeared at the door of that room and beckoned to the lawyer. That gentleman immediately joined him.

"I am now ready to open the safe, in your presence, as directed by Mr. Prescott. The will is in the inner compartment to which I have the key," said Tom.

"I am ready to go with you," said the lawyer, and accordingly they went at once to the dining-room.

Tom opened the safe, unlocked the inner compartment, took out the papers therein and handed them to the lawyer. Mr. Harrison looked them over, slowly, one by one, but, of course, did not find the will he had drawn up about six months before.

"You say that Mr. Prescott told you distinctly that the will was there?" said Mr. Harrison, knitting his brows.

"He did. I couldn't have been mistaken, for he particularly told me to take possession of the key and keep it till you asked for the will."

"Which you did, I suppose?" asked the lawyer, looking at the old employee.

"Yes, sir, though not immediately, because I was so overcome by Mr. Prescott's death that I forgot about the matter until the next night."

"Indeed. Where was the key in the meantime?"

"In the pocket of a pair of trousers last worn by Mr. Prescott."

"Hum! And these trousers were lying around some place in his bedroom, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Folded, on a chair."

"Where anybody—his brother, for instance—could get at them?"

Tom gave a start.

"Do you think——" he began, then he stopped. "Had he taken the key, he could not have used it."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Harrison, sharply.

"Because I am the only one now who holds the combination of the safe lock."

"Sure of that, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you finally looked for the key, you found it all right, did you?"

"I did."

"Let us go through the rest of the safe."

This they did, but without result.

"It is evident that the will is not here," said the lawyer, finally.

"Not here!" almost gasped Tom, looking stunned by that announcement.

"It is not here," repeated Mr. Harrison, returning the papers to the inner compartment. "Shut up the safe."

Tom mechanically did so.

"I'm afraid that Mr. Prescott must have removed that will, to read it over, perhaps, and then forgot to return it."

"But his directions were most positive," said Tom, nervously.

"No doubt he thought he had returned it to the safe, instead of which he may have left it in a drawer of his desk."

Tom made no reply.

"It is of the utmost importance that that will be found," said the lawyer. "Not that its loss would prevent young Paul from inheriting the bulk of the property, but because its absence would greatly favor Faber Prescott, who, I have reason to know, is deserving of little consideration at his dead brother's hands. If there be no will for probate, the public administrator will have to step in and take charge. He would be entitled to a very considerable fee in this case. Then the court will have to appoint a guardian for Paul, and I doubt not Mr. Faber Prescott would put forward his claim to be considered as

such in his position of nearest of kin. That would enable him to take up his residence here, and there are pickings for a man of his character which would amply compensate him. He would also be entitled to a much larger share of the estate than Mr. Prescott intended him to have when the final distribution was made. Altogether, your dead friend's intentions would be sadly interfered with. You would lose the legacy left you in the will, as would the servants, and even young Henry would be out his \$500 if his father didn't make it up to him. As for the heir-at-law, it would make a difference of many thousands to him."

"If Mr. Prescott left the will in his desk his brother has had every chance to discover it since my employer was taken ill."

"Exactly. And Faber Prescott is not a man to be trusted."

They returned to the library, where everybody was gathered by this time, and Mr. Harrison was obliged to announce that the will had not been found in the place where it was supposed to be. At those words, Faber brightened up considerably, but he still wondered where the will could be. Henry smothered a triumphant grin in his hand and then looked down at the carpet. Paul looked surprised and a bit uneasy at the lawyer's declaration. Mr. Harrison said that he would look through the late Mr. Prescott's desk, which he proceeded to do, but without making any discovery. Other places were searched unsuccessfully, and as the hunt continued to prove fruitless, Faber began to take courage and hope.

In the end, the lawyer was compelled to dismiss the servants with the statement that a further and, if possible, more thorough search would be made next day. Next day's hunt developed nothing, and the lawyer was at his wit's end. Finally the matter was taken to court. Mr. Harrison, appearing in behalf of Tom Hazard, who made application to be appointed guardian of Paul Prescott, submitted an affidavit, signed by himself, which set forth that he had, at his late client's request, drawn up a will, corresponding in all important particulars to the rough draft of same which he produced as evidence, and that Mr. George Prescott and the two witnesses, whose affidavits were attached, had signed the said will, now missing, in his presence. The said will was then carried away by the testator, who thereafter held it in his custody. Hazard's application was opposed by Faber Prescott, who, in default of any legal will, urged his own claims for the guardianship on the ground that he was the nearest relative of the heir-at-law, and consequently the one most likely to do the right thing by the boy. Mr. Harrison took issue against Faber on the ground that it was not the dead man's desire that his brother should become guardian of his son, for good and sufficient reasons—reasons which he was prepared to show, by witness, rendered the said brother unsuitable for so important a trust.

The said objections were then brought forward, and as they were a grave reflection on Mr. Faber Prescott's general character, a bitter legal squabble ensued between the opposing lawyers. The judge took the papers and reserved his decision. In the end he decided the case in favor of Tom

Hazard, and Faber Prescott at once appealed to a higher court. Pending the ultimate outcome, Mr. Harrison was temporarily appointed Paul's guardian, with full powers to act in that capacity. Faber and his son Henry then left the Roost, and the servants were all delighted to see them go. Paul, in the meantime, had returned to the Gloucester Academy and resumed his studies, after taking an affectionate leave of Dolly Curtis, whom he left under the housekeeper's motherly wing. Although Faber Prescott had failed to win his trump trick, he had more trumps up his sleeve, and was, therefore, a dangerous factor in the game.

CHAPTER VIII.—Startling News From the Roost.

The Gloucester Academy, presided over by Dr. John Watson, was situated on high ground overlooking Gloucester Harbor. About a hundred pupils, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, attended the school, and, as a whole, they were a jolly lot of boys. Paul Prescott was first favorite, not only with his companions but with the teachers as well. He was a leader in all the sports, and held that position against all comers by sheer grit and superior performance. He expected to graduate on the following June and then enter Harvard College. It was about two months after his father's death, or within a couple of weeks of the Christmas holidays. The classrooms were emptied for the day, the boys were amusing themselves about the campus, or elsewhere, and it was growing dark fast. Paul Prescott, accompanied by one of his chums, called Dick Owens, was sitting on a single-rail fence, if it could be called a fence, close to the academy office, waiting for the factotum, who had gone to town for the evening mail, to return. He was looking for his bi-weekly letter from Dolly Curtis. He figured that he ought to have got it the day before, and when it didn't turn up that morning he was greatly disappointed. However, it was bound to come by the evening's mail, and he was curbing his impatience as best he could. He had only told two of his special friends about his thrilling introduction to the girl, but in spite of their promises to be mum on the subject the news of his adventure on the night his father died leaked out, and it wasn't long before the whole school knew about it, and for many days afterwards the boys "joshed" him about the pretty runaway he had rescued from the fangs of a human wolf. He took care, however, that none of his companions got on to the fact that she was corresponding with him twice a week. Paul and Dick were talking football, and figuring up the prospects of the academy eleven beating the Manchester High School team on the coming Saturday, when an ugly-looking man, with the rolling gait of a sailor, approached the spot.

"Beggin' yer pardon, my hearties, but can yer tell me where I can find a lad of this here school named Paul Prescott?"

"You've found him already. My name is Paul Prescott," replied Paul, regarding the man with some curiosity and not a little distrust.

"And yer live, at Prescott Roost when yer at

home?" said the man, with a leer, that added to his villainous aspect.

"Yes. What do you want with me?"

"I was told to give yer this letter," he said, eyeing Paul, cunningly, as he took an envelope, which had suffered from contact with his dirty hand, from his pocket and tendered it to the boy.

"Who is this from?" asked Paul, looking at the superscription, which was scrawled in lead pencil and not over intelligible.

"Dunno," replied the sailor, for such he evidently was. "I never seen the gent afore."

"You say a gentleman gave you this to hand to me?" said Paul in some surprise. "I don't know any gentleman in Gloucester that's likely to send me a note."

"Dunno nothin' about that, my hearty. I'm only 'beyin' orders, and 'arnin' half a dollar," replied the man. "Yer want to read it, as I was told to bring back an answer."

It was too dark to read the note out there, so Paul told him to wait and went into the office of the school, where there were electric lights. Tearing the envelope open, he pulled out an enclosure, which read as follows:

"Paul Prescott.—I know where the missing will of your father can be found. If you want information on the subject you must manage to come to the Old Watch Tower, on Gull Point, to-night at eight o'clock. Let bearer know if I can expect you. (Signed) Incognito."

To say that Paul was astonished at the contents of the note would be put it quite mildly. Who could this person be who claimed to know the whereabouts of his father's will? Why had he appointed a night meeting at such a lonesome spot as the old Revolutionary watch tower on Gull Point, when a daylight meeting, it seemed to Paul, could be more easily arranged, at least so far as he himself was concerned? It was strictly against the regulations of the academy for a scholar to leave the school after dark, on any pretext whatever, without special permission. If he agreed to keep this appointment, and he had more than half a mind to do it, for he was naturally extremely anxious to get a clue to the missing will, would Dr. Watson, under the circumstances, give him the necessary permission?

"I guess he'll strain a point when I have explained matters to him," thought Paul. "Yes, I'll go to the Old Watch Tower at eight o'clock, if it's possible for me to get there."

Having come to that determination, he gave the disreputable-looking sailor an answer to that effect, and he rolled away, like a Dutch fishing smack in a cross sea.

"That was a strange kind of a messenger to bring you a letter," remarked Dick, after the man had gone.

"Yes. And the letter was just as strange as the bearer," replied Paul.

"What was it about?" asked Dick, curiously.

"I told you that my father's will was missing," answered Paul.

"Yes, and that the question as to who your guardian should be was brought into court. What has that to do with this letter?"

"The letter is from a man who claims to know where the will is."

"You don't say!"

"He wants me to meet him to-night at eight o'clock at the Old Watch Tower on the Point, to drive a bargain for it."

"He does?"

"He didn't say in so many words that he wanted to be paid for his information, but, of course, that is what he is trying to get at. If he has the will in his possession, or knows where to put his hands on it, he will want to be paid, and it isn't impossible but he may ask a stiff price."

"Then, he must be a rascal."

"It's the way of the world, Dick, to take advantage of a good thing."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to ask the doctor to let me keep the appointment."

"What, alone?"

"Yes."

"You'd better let me go with you. You'll want a witness."

"The party might object to your presence."

"Then I can stay outside the tower."

"Well, I will be glad to have you come. I'll ask the doctor to let you accompany me."

"That's right. Now, I'd suggest that we go there half an hour before the time appointed and hide."

"What for?"

"So as to see what kind of man this person is who is anxious to do business with you under cover. You can't be too careful. It might be some kind of put-up job, for all you know. I didn't like the looks of that sailor. If more than one man comes to the tower we needn't show ourselves, and perhaps we might, in that case, get on to their game."

"That's a good idea of yours, Dick, and we'll follow it out. I didn't think of any treachery in connection with the note; but, as you say, it is better to be on the safe side."

"Bet your life it is."

At that moment the man with the mail bag appeared, entered the office, and Paul was about to follow him in when the supper-bell rang. That was an imperative summons for the boys to take their places in the line that was formed three times daily outside of the refectory.

"Too bad," ejaculated Paul, in a disappointed tone. "I'll have to wait for the regular distribution of the letters now."

"What's the odds?" replied Dick. "If there's a letter for you, you'll get it all right."

The hundred odd boys were marched into the dining-hall and took their places at the different tables that accommodated twenty-six lads each, two of which officiated as "carvers" at either end of each table. Paul occupied one of these posts, which carried with it certain privileges as compensation for the duties of the position. One of the professors occupied a low rostrum near the general entrance, and while the boys were eating, the letters were delivered to him for distribution, as the scholars filed out. A letter was handed to Paul as he passed out of the room, and he hastened to the library and reading-room to peruse it. As soon as he looked at the superscription he was greatly disappointed to find that it was in the

housekeeper's handwriting and not in Dolly's. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that the girl must be sick, and he tore the envelope open, with a good deal of anxiety. He was not prepared, however, for the startling news that he read. It was to the effect that Captain Simpson Grinnidge had appeared at the Roost a few days previously and demanded that Dolly should leave her new home and go with him. The girl, naturally refused, and had been sustained by Tom Hazard, who was in charge of the property under Lawyer Harrison. Two days later Dolly was missing, and it was Mrs. Gray's opinion that the captain had in some way managed to abduct her. Hazard had put the matter in the hands of a Newburyport detective, who had gone to Gloucester to watch for the Lively Polly, on board of which it was believed the girl was held a prisoner. That was all, but the news was sufficiently disquieting to Paul, who was alarmed for Dolly's safety.

CHAPTER IX.—Caught.

At half-past seven that evening, Paul and Dick approached the Old Watch Tower, near the extreme end of Gull Point, a small promontory projecting into Gloucester Bay. The tower itself was in a very fair state of preservation, considering its age, and was reckoned one of the sights of the neighborhood. The external surface of the stone was completely covered by moss and ivy during spring, summer and fall; but at the present time this green ornamentation was dried up and brown, and the gray stone was visible everywhere. The two boys kept their eyes about them as they entered the ancient building, for fear of falling into some trap prepared for them. Nothing of the kind happened, however. The ground floor was pretty bare, though it was as dark as the ace of spades, so the boys decided to ascend to the second story.

"We'll stand by one of these narrow windows," said Paul, "and then we'll be able to see who comes to this place."

The night was clear as well as cold, so that it was easy to make an observation from the second story of the watch tower. Twenty minutes passed slowly away and Paul saw no sign of any one coming toward the tower.

"It's pretty near time for that man to show up, don't you think so, Dick?" he said.

"It is, if he expects to be on time. Seems as if we've been here nearly an hour."

"We have not been here half that time," replied Paul, striking a match and looking at his watch.

"Waiting is tiresome work," said Dick, strolling across to the other window. "Hello!" he exclaimed, after glancing out on the water. "There's a schooner coming to anchor close in to this point."

The boys watched her with some interest. Her sails were lowered, but not secured, and instead of dropping her anchor a small hawser was carried ashore in a boat and made fast to a big rock on the shore.

There were five men, one of whom was bossing operations, aboard of her, while a sixth man was attending to the shore end of the cable. This

chap, having finished his business, returned to the vessel, after which silence and inaction succeeded.

"Maybe she's waiting for high tide to pass the bar below," said Paul.

"She's a good distance up for that, I should think," replied Dick. "The fishing vessels all go down and anchor close to the bar when the tide is at ebb."

"Well, it's none of our business," answered Paul, starting back for the other window. "Come here, Dick," he cried, a moment later. "There's a man and a boy coming this way."

Dick ran over and looked out.

"That's right. If he's only got a boy with him we needn't be afraid of meeting him."

"Well, we won't be in a hurry about it," replied Paul.

When the man, who was heavily bearded and wore a soft slouched hat, and his companion drew near the entrance, the boy hung back and the man advanced. He entered the ground floor of the building and called out, in a gruff voice:

"Paul Prescott, are you here?"

No answer being returned to this hail, he spoke to his companion, in a somewhat different tone, which sounded familiar to Paul.

"He hasn't come yet, Henry."

"Is that so, father?" replied the boy, coming forward.

"My uncle and cousin," gasped Paul, in utter astonishment. "What does this mean?"

Father and son both entered the ground floor of the old ruin, and Paul and Dick crept to the opening above the stairs and craned their necks to hear what was said below.

"Go outside and see if the schooner has arrived," said Faber Prescott. "If she has, give the signal for Grinnidge to come ashore with his mate."

"Grinnidge!" again gasped Paul. "Why, that vessel must be the Lively Polly. Maybe Dolly Curtis is at this moment a prisoner aboard of her."

"It's a good thing that we are in the background," whispered Dick. "There is something on the cards against you, old chap. Perhaps we'll be able to find out what it is. The will business seems to be a fake—a bait to draw you here."

"It looks like it," Paul whispered back.

Henry Prescott left the room below to carry out his father's instructions, and while he was away Faber lighted a cigar and began to smoke. In a few moments Henry returned.

"The schooner is there and the men are coming ashore," he said.

"Now, hand me the will and go outside and watch for your cousin."

"I'm to have one thousand dollars, remember," replied Henry, as he produced the document. "If you go back on me, father, I'll blow on you, as sure as I stand here."

"Don't talk like a fool," answered Faber, impatiently. "You shall have the thousand, of course."

"All right. There you are."

"Now let me know the moment you see Paul coming."

"Are you sure he'll come?"

"He said he would, and I know he's a boy of his word."

Faber laid the will on one of the steps near his elbow and waited. Presently Simpson Grinnidge and the man who delivered the note to Paul appeared at the doorway. Faber got up and went toward them, and the three engaged in a low conversation—too low for the boys to catch the drift of it. It was then that a daring thing occurred to Paul's mind. He had seen his rascally uncle lay the document, purporting to be his father's will, on the third step of the stairs. Although he couldn't see it in the darkness he was certain it was there. He determined, at any hazard, to creep down and gain possession of it. Although the three men stood right in the doorway, and were plainly visible, he believed that he would not be noticed in the intense gloom surrounding the stairs. He whispered his purpose to Dick.

"Gee!" chuckled his companion. "That will be turning the trick on him in great shape. Go slow and make a sure thing of it."

Accordingly, Paul crept cautiously down the stairs until he got to a point near the third step. He now saw the document distinctly, and, reaching out, grasped it. Then he made his way back to the floor above, without attracting attention.

"Got it?" whispered Dick.

"Yes," replied Paul.

He went over to a corner, struck a match and, shading the light under his overcoat, looked at the paper. It needed but a glance to assure him that he had his father's will in his possession. He felt like executing an Indian war dance, so great was his satisfaction. It slipped from his hand as he was about to put it into his pocket, and he knelt down to feel for it. His fingers struck it and pushed it into a crack in the stone flooring. Not finding it easily, he struck another match to look around. It wasn't in sight, but the crack was. Looking down into it he saw the precious paper where he couldn't reach it without a couple of stiff pieces of wire or metal. He was angry and disgusted with himself for having been so careless, and yet he soon had reason for being very glad that the will had got away from him. He got out his knife and tried to reach the paper with the long blade and dig it out. While thus engaged, Faber happened to remember that he had left the will on the stairs, and returned for it. Not finding it, he struck a match and looked for it. Dick observed what he was about, and crept over to his chum to tell him. Then he saw what Paul was about.

"Let it alone for the present," Dick said. "It's safe enough. We can come over here to-morrow with some wire and get it out. Your uncle is looking for it now. I'll bet he's astonished at its disappearance."

At that moment there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"Come on, Simpson," they heard Mr. Prescott say. "I believe that boy came here ahead of time, got suspicious and is hiding upstairs. If he's here we'll have him cornered. I guess he's smarter than I had any idea of, and I can't waste any time on him now."

Faber sprang up the stairs, followed by the captain and his mate. Striking a match, Mr. Prescott looked around. In the glare of the flame Paul and Dick were discovered crouching against

one of the walls. There was no escape for them now, and they knew it.

CHAPTER X.—Carried off.

"Why, there's two of them," exclaimed Captain Simpson.

"So you are there, Paul Prescott?" said Faber, maliciously.

"Yes, I am here, Uncle Faber," replied Paul, coolly.

"You were here when I arrived and called out to you below?"

"I was."

"Why didn't you show yourself, then?"

"I had my reasons."

"How could you identify me in this beard and in the darkness?"

"I knew you the moment you spoke to Henry, who came with you."

"Did you suspect me as the writer of that note, proposing this interview?"

"I did not."

"Did you entertain any suspicions concerning the alleged object of the note?"

"I thought the hour and the place rather singular, but it was not out of keeping with the peculiar purpose of the writer."

"You mean you judged that a man making such a proposal would wish to keep under cover. Is that it?"

"That's about it."

"Your object was to get possession of your father's missing will?"

"It was."

"And you have succeeded, though in a different way from what you figured on," said his uncle, in a compressed tone.

"In what way have I succeeded?" replied Paul, pretending surprise.

"In what way?" roared Faber, his anger bursting out at last. "You know in what way. I laid the document on the stairs leading up here, not suspecting that you, of all others, were watching me. When I went to the door you sneaked down and secured it. But," he added, striking another match, "you'll oblige me by returning it to me."

"If I had the will I should make a strong fight against giving it up, but as I haven't it, why, you'll have to look for it elsewhere."

"That bluff doesn't go with me. Search him, Simpson."

Paul made no resistance while the captain of the Lively Polly, who was aching for the chance to get at him, went through his clothes. The skipper was unnecessarily rough, but he did not find anything that even remotely looked like the will.

"He has probably given it to his companion. Search him," said Faber.

Dick was searched, without result. Paul's uncle then examined the floor of the room, and the walls, but saw no sign of the will. He was nonplussed.

"P'haps he throwed it out of one of the windows," suggested Grinnidge.

This idea did not seem unreasonable to Faber.

"If he did that we'll find it outside. Now, secure

that precious nephew of mine and carry out your instructions with respect to him. You'll have to take the other boy, too, to head off discovery."

Grinnidge and his mate drew pieces of rope from their pockets, and throwing themselves on the two boys, soon bound their hands tightly behind them. They seemed to get a good deal of pleasure out of the operation.

"I protest against this outrage, Uncle Faber," said Paul, indignantly. "You ought to be ashamed to permit such a thing to be done to me."

Mr. Prescott laughed, in a disagreeable way.

"You'll be lucky if you're never up against worse than that. Captain Grinnidge has a bone to pick with you, and is going to take you aboard his schooner to pick it. As it would be a pity to part you and your friend, he'll have to accompany you."

Thereupon Paul and Dick were marched downstairs, out of the watch tower, and thence to the water's edge, where they were obliged to get into the waiting boat. The mate got out the oars and rowed to the schooner, up the side of which the boys were forced to climb. They were then taken forward and made to step down into a small section of the hold called the fore-peak. The cover of the hatch or scuttle was clapped on and they were left in the darkness.

"Gee! We seem to be up against it, Paul," said Dick. "I wonder what they're going to do with us?"

"I give it up," replied his chum. "Captain Grinnidge won't dare do much to us unless he's rash enough to face a heavy penalty. He's got nothing against you, but he's dead sore on me for getting Miss Curtis away from him that night. The letter I received this evening from the housekeeper at the Roost told me that the girl is missing, and it is believed that Grinnidge succeeded in abducting her. It's my idea that she's somewhere aboard this schooner at the present moment. If I—hello! I believe they're getting the schooner underway."

"They are, for a fact," replied Dick, in some excitement. "We'll never get back to the academy to-night, at this rate."

"It doesn't look like it, I'm afraid. I'd like to know where they intend to take us. As Grinnidge is carrying us off against our wills he'll have to answer for our abduction. As for my uncle, Mr. Harrison will make things hot for him when I lay the case before him."

And while they talked the matter over in the gloom of the forepeak, the Lively Polly slipped down the bay to the bar, and as the tide was sufficiently high, passed over it and headed down Massachusetts Bay.

CHAPTER XI.—In the Forepeak of the Lively Polly.

Faber Prescott had known Captain Simpson Grinnidge many years, and neither knew anything particularly good of the other. Barring the difference that education and social standing conferred on one of the men, they were to all intents and purposes birds of a feather. They were both out for the mighty dollar, and were willing to take chances in the accumulation thereof.

When Faber Prescott was beaten out of the chance of securing the guardianship of his nephew, his tricky soul devised this plan of getting the boy out of the way for good. The death or complete vanishment of the heir-at-law would place him in direct line with the ultimate acquirement of the entire estate as surviving next of kin. This, in his case, was worth taking desperate chances to win. As soon as the idea suggested itself to him he sought out Captain Grinnidge and proposed that he assist him in carrying out the project, engaging to pay the skipper a large sum of money as soon as he came into possession of the property, which he persuaded the captain to believe would be soon. Simpson Grinnidge was not at first inclined to embark in such a hazardous speculation. When, however, he learned that Paul Prescott was the boy to whom he owed such a big grudge, he reconsidered the matter, and the two rascals came to an agreement. It was arranged that Captain Grinnidge should secure a cargo in Boston for Rio de Janeiro in order to cover the expenses of the trip to the South Pacific, where it was proposed to carry Paul, and in addition to that, Faber raised a sum sufficient to ensure a total profit for the captain in case by any chance a cog slipped and the plot failed. Before turning the trick on Paul, the skipper planned to recapture Dolly Curtis for the benefit of his wife, who was not, of course, going with him to sea. They gave up their house in Gloucester, and taking their furniture aboard of the schooner, sailed for the nearest point on the Merrimac River to the Prescott property. Then the skipper visited the Roost and demanded that the girl return to his wife's service. Finding that he could not secure Dolly by fair means, he resorted to underhand tactics, and, luck playing into his hands, he got away with the girl without being caught at it. Mrs. Grinnidge, Dolly and the furniture were then transferred to a sloop, to be carried up the river to a certain New Hampshire town, where the captain's wife proposed to live, near her relatives, until her husband returned from his voyage to the South Pacific.

The Lively Polly then returned to Gloucester Bay and anchored in a creek not far to the south of the town, where Captain Grinnidge communicated with Faber Prescott and the immediate abduction of Paul was arranged and consummated, with the success we have seen. After passing the bar, the schooner was headed for Boston Harbor, where the cargo to be taken to South America was awaiting her. The two boys fell asleep during the trip down the bay, and did not awake until the schooner was hauling into the wharf.

"We seem to be making fast to a dock," said Dick, after they had listened to the sounds on deck, coupled with the fact that the vessel had come to a rest. "It's some place not so very far from Gloucester. I wonder if we'll be let go soon?"

"I've an idea that we won't get off so easy as that," replied Paul. "You may be allowed to go free, but Captain Grinnidge is bound to try and get square with me. Besides, I suspect he's entered into some arrangement with my uncle to keep me away from Gloucester."

"What good would that do your uncle? You're bound to get back some time."

"As I'm not a mind-reader, Dick, I can't solve the conundrum. There is no telling what scheme Mr. Prescott is up to. He must realize that, I can make it very hot for him after last night's developments. His only chance of avoiding trouble is to keep me from communicating with Lawyer Harrison."

"He may be able to do that for a time, but not for long. The longer you're kept a prisoner the harder it will be for him when you do show up. I think he's acting like a chump."

Their conversation was interrupted by the removal of the scuttle cover above their heads and the appearance of the ugly features of the mate in the opening. This was the fellow who delivered the decoy note to Paul at the academy the evening before, and he was not joyfully received by the prisoners. The morning sunshine that streamed down over his shoulders was a far more welcome visitor.

"Well, my hearties, how are yer feelin' this mornin'?" he grinned.

"How would you feel if you were in our places?" replied Paul, coolly.

The mate chuckled at the question. He sprang down into the hole, with a couple of strong pieces of rope in his hand. Approaching Paul first, he tied the end of one of the ropes securely about his middle and the other end he made fast to a ring in the deck. He preformed the same operation on Dick. Then he searched their pockets and removed their jack-knives. After that he cut their arms loose. Their wrists were so numb that for some time there was no feeling in them.

"How long are we to be kept in this hole?" demanded Paul.

"Till to-morrow afternoon, I guess," replied the mate.

"Where is the schooner now?"

"Alongside her dock."

"Where?"

"It wouldn't do ye any good to know, so I don't see no good wastin' my breath tellin' yer."

"It seems to me that Captain Grinnidge is laying a lot of trouble up for himself," said Paul.

"That's is business, not mine."

"You can tell him if he'll let us go now I'll promise not to prosecute him for what he has done so far, for I believe he's doing it to oblige my uncle. Mr. Prescott won't be able to save him when the time comes if he perseveres in his present course."

"I'll tell him, but I don't calkerlate he'll let yer out of here till to-morrow, anyway. I s'pose yer both hungry by this time. I'll bring yer somethin' to eat soon."

Thus speaking, the mate, whose name the boys subsequently learned was Steve Cobb, sprang out of the forepeak and slammed down the scuttle after him. From Cobb's words, the boys got the impression that they would probably be let go on the following day and that was some satisfaction at any rate; nevertheless, neither relished the idea of remaining prisoners in that dark hole for twenty-four or thirty hours longer. Inside of half an hour Cobb brought them each a mess of rations similar to that served out to the three men composing the crew. While they were eat-

ing it they heard sounds on the other side of the bulkhead that separated them from the hold, which told them that the schooner was taking some kind of cargo on board. As the morning wore away they heard the whistles of tug-boats and other marine noises so frequently that they soon understood that the schooner was moored at no small seaport.

The loading went on all day up to five o'clock, with an hour's intermission at noon, when Cobb brought them some dinner.

"We're in Boston harbor, ain't we?" Paul asked him.

"What makes yer think yer are?" growled the mate, with a frown.

"A person would have to be deaf not to hear what's going on in this neighborhood. Did you tell the captain what I said?"

"I told him."

"What did he say?" asked Paul, eagerly.

"Nothin'."

Paul was disappointed, and his face showed it.

"Been expectin' he'd let yer go, I s'pose?" chuckled the mate.

"I thought he'd have sense enough to get out of a hole when he saw a good opening," replied the boy.

Cobb chuckled sardonically and presently left them alone. Night came at last, and with it their supper. The noisy sounds along the water front gradually lulled, and by and by nothing reached their ears but the lap of the water against the schooner's sides. The boys talked together about their prospects of release next day, and finally fell asleep. They were awakened by the reappearance of the mate, with their breakfast. Soon afterward the noises of the preceding day were resumed and the operations of loading the schooner were in full swing again. Her loading was completed about the middle of the afternoon, then a tug came alongside, was made fast, her hawsers were cast off from the wharf, and the imprisoned lads were soon conscious that the vessel was underway once more.

"This doesn't look as if we were going to be let go to-day," said Dick, in a tone of disgust.

"That's right; it doesn't," answered Paul, who now began to wonder when the end of their trouble would come.

"We're being towed out of the harbor by a tug," remarked Dick.

CHAPTER XII.—The Road to the Pacific.

In the course of an hour or so the tug cast off and the Lively Polly, with all her canvas set to the smacking breeze, headed down the bay toward Boston Light. The boys so far had not suffered from the cold, as the weather, since they had been carried off from Gloucester, had been rather mild for that season of the year. As night came on again the cold wind from the broad Atlantic began to make an icebox of the forepeak, and the chill penetrated through their overcoats, which they had not had a chance to take off since they put them on, just before leaving the academy for their visit to the Old Watch Tower on Gull Point.

"Say, we'll be turned into a pair of icicles be-

fore morning, I'm thinking," remarked Dick, slapping his legs and swinging his arms about in an effort to infuse a little warmth into his body.

At that moment the scuttle was removed and Cobb appeared.

"The cap'n says yer to come out of this now," he said, with a chuckle.

"We've no objections, replied Paul, glad of any kind of a change.

"I calkerlate it wouldn't make no diff'rence whether yer had or not," answered the mate, as he jumped down and released them from the confinement of the ropes. "Now, then, my hearties, step lively. On deck with ye!"

Paul and Dick scrambled up without delay. The first thing they did was to cast their eyes about the darkening seascape, eager to make out just where they were. The schooner was bowing and rolling on the incoming surges of the big bay, with the dark sea line of the Atlantic before them. Boston Light bore a short distanec to the northeast.

"March aft," ordered Cobb. "Ye'll find the skipper on the break of the poop."

The boys walked aft and presently confronted Captain Grinnidge. He greeted them with a sardonic grin that was particularly malicious when his one uncovered eye rested on Paul Prescott.

"Now, ye lubbers, I want ye to understand that I'm a man of few words, d'ye hear? While ye are aboard of this hooker ye've got to 'arn yer grub. If ye think I'll stand any foolin', just ye try me. Ye'll find that a rope's end or the soft side of a cap'n's chin will soon put a clapper on yer jaw-bone. Now, listen to me. This schooner is bound for Rio."

"Rio!" gasped Paul. "What do you mean?"

"Where's yer school l'arnin', you ignorant monkey? Don't ye know that Rio is in Brazil, South America?"

"Brazil!—South America!" fluttered Paul, while Andy nearly collapsed.

"That's what I said," roared Captain Grinnidge. "Now, mark me, ye've got to work yer day and stand watch same as the rest of the crew. I've shipped ye both, and by the lord Harry, if ye attempt to skulk ye'll have cause to wish ye had never been born. Now ye know what ye have to expect. Take 'em below, Cobb, and rig 'em up out of the slop-chest. Then make 'em turn to and do their duty. That's all I've got to say."

"I won't go," said Dick, stubbornly.

There was a boat towing alongside.

"Now, you mutinous dog!" exclaimed Captain Grinnidge, pointing at the open sea. "Down with you into that boat!"

"You can't mean to send me adrift in that cockleshell with a storm coming up!" cried Dick, aghast at the prospect.

"Then do as I say."

"All right, sir."

Captain Grinnidge turned on his heel and walked to the wheel, while the stunned boys followed the mate into the small fore-castle, where a pair of vacant berths were pointed out to them and they were told to slip out of their overcoats and shore-going suits and don the garments more suitable to their new, enforced calling. They obeyed, in a dazed kind of way, and by that time tea was ready. They ate what was put before

them with about the same relish that men about to be hanged partake of their last meal on earth.

All hands were then called on deck, when the ceremony of dividing the little crew into watches was gone through with. Paul and two others formed the captain's watch; while Andy, with the remaining two, constituted the mate's watch. The captain's watch remained on deck, while the others went below until their time came to relieve the others.

Thus the boys found themselves separated at a moment when they most desired the comfort of companionship. Clearly, they were up against it hard. We will pass over the severe experience that fell to their lot until the Lively Polly sighted the coast of Brazil, and passing Sugar Loaf Mountain entered the bay of Rio de Janeiro, one of the most beautiful, secure and spacious harbors in the world. By this time they had learned, in a hard school, the rudiments of seamanship, and were able to perform their allotted duties as well as any of their companions. Finding that kicking against their fate was of no avail, and only brought blows and abuse to them, they accepted conditions with the best grace they could, and tried to be as cheerful as their circumstances permitted.

They took comfort from the fact that it wouldn't last forever, and the experience might in the end prove of some value to them. They found many chances to talk together, and being of the opinion that the schooner would return to Boston or Gloucester after discharging her cargo at Rio, which idea the mate had instructed the men to keep before their eyes, they did not entertain any plan for deserting the vessel at the South American port.

"When we do get back to Gloucester there'll be something doing for Captain Grinnidge, all right," Paul told Dick more than once, and Andy guessed there would be, and hugged the anticipation to his heart, for he disliked the skipper. It was a fine afternoon when the schooner opened up Rio de Janeiro Bay, and all hands were on deck. The passage was about a mile wide and was guarded by granite mountains. On the whole, the boys were delighted at the chance thus afforded them to inspect a foreign port.

"There's the city yonder," ejaculated Dick, who was leaning over the port bulwark beside Paul.

"I see it," replied his chum. "Looks funny, doesn't it—a whole cluster of white houses with vermilion roofs. Just like a painted scene in a play."

The houses crowned seven green and mound-like hills, and spread out through the intervening valleys. The Lively Polly came to anchor in the roadstead, and then a boat was lowered and Captain Grinnidge went ashore. Next morning the schooner was taken to a wharf, and in the afternoon began discharging her cargo. That operation was finished next day, and then Captain Grinnidge succeeded in securing a consignment of goods for Montevideo, which would add to the profits of his trip South. Paul and Dick supposed the cargo was intended for the United States, and no one undertook to undeceive them. They were carefully watched while the vessel remained at her wharf, and the skipper was tickled to learn that they showed no disposition to desert the craft.

The rest of the crew were given shore leave, and they put in a similar request. Captain Grinnidge finally permitted them to inspect the city under the guidance of the mate, who saw to it that neither got out of his sight. At last the schooner pulled out into the stream, and next morning at daylight sailed for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Paul and Dick were unpleasantly surprised when the Lively Polly's head was turned to the southward, for that course was taking them further than ever from home.

"I thought we were going back to the United States," said Paul, to Steve Cobb.

The mate grinned.

"Not yet," he answered. "The cap'n found a profitable cargo for Montevideo, and we're going there first."

Paul hunted Dick up and told him where they were bound.

"What's the odds," replied Dick. "We might as well see a little of the world while we're about it. We'll have some good yarns to tell the fellows when we get back to school. Now that we've got used to roughing it, a little extra experience won't do us any harm."

So Paul's disappointment wore off, and as Captain Grinnidge had long since got tired of knocking him around for nothing, seeing that the boy had developed into a useful as well as willing hand to whom he had nothing to pay for services rendered, he, as well as Dick, looked forward with much interest to their approaching introduction to the capital of the Republic of Uruguay. In due time the schooner anchored off Montevideo, which is situated on a small peninsula on the north shore of the Rio de la Plata, at a point where this estuary is sixty miles wide. The houses composing the town looked rather insignificant, for they were mostly of one story, with flat roofs.

"Geel! I don't think much of this place," said Dick. "There's only half a dozen decent-looking buildings in the whole town, as far as we can see from here. One of them seems to be a church."

Paul agreed with his chum that the general effect was rather disappointing. On the following day the schooner hauled in to a dock and her cargo was soon out of her. Captain Grinnidge was offered a cargo of hides to carry to New York, but declined, because he wasn't bound in that direction. Instead, he took a load of ballast aboard, and then struck out southward once more.

"Where the dickens are we bound now?" was Paul's surprised inquiry of the mate, when he found that the Lively Polly was heading down the South American coast again.

"We're bound for the Pacific, my hearty," chuckled Steve Cobb.

"Whereabouts on the Pacific?"

"You'll have to ask the skipper," replied the mate.

Paul, however, knew better than to do that. That night he and Dick held a pow-wow on the subject, and the only conclusion they could arrive at was that it was likely to be a long day before they saw Gloucester again.

"I can see my uncle's fine hand in this, Dick," said Paul. "When he found out that Captain Grinnidge was going on a long voyage, he paid the rascal to spirit me away, maybe in the hope

that I'd fall overboard some night and thus make an opening for him to succeed to my father's property. Oh, he's foxy all right—about as slick as they come. But he's going to be disappointed. I'm not going to fall overboard if I can help myself. I'll get back some day, and then I won't do a thing to him."

"He's a big rascal, if he is your uncle," replied Dick. "I'll bet if he was in charge of the Roost at this moment he'd sit up half the night listening for that old bell on the roof to tell him, by its three strokes, that you had passed in your checks."

"Not unlikely. Maybe he's arranged with one of our neighbors to let him know if the bell should ring, so he'll have advance information of my death, and be able to put in his claim for the property all the sooner."

"I believe you."

"I am sorry, Dick, that it was through me you've got into this hobble; but I'll try to make it all right one of these days when I shall have come into actual possession of the Roost."

"Don't say a word, old chap. I'm satisfied as long as I am with you. All I regret is the worry that my unexplained absence is causing my father and mother. I'd have written home from Rio or Montevideo, only the mate gave us such a strong hint not to attempt such a thing, and kept us so closely under his eye, that we couldn't do it anyhow."

"Well, you'd better go below and take your forty winks," said Paul, "for you'll have to come on deck inside of two hours."

The schooner hugged the coast all the way down, and about six days later entered the Strait of Magellan. A fair wind carried her through the difficult passage of 300 miles in something like twenty-four hours, and then the Lively Polly's nose was pushed out into the blue waters of the broad South Pacific. Paul and Dick were now fast approaching the end of their journey in the schooner, though fortunately for their peace of mind they were unconscious of the fate arranged for them through the villany of Faber Prescott and the connivance of Captain Grinnidge.

It was now three months since they left Boston harbor. A fog had sprung up and so thick was it that it was almost impossible to see the length of the schooner. Right in the midst of it a big ship loomed up ahead, and if it had not been for Paul, who was at the wheel and acted quickly, the schooner would have been smashed to flinders. The crew recognized this and complimented the boy for his quick work in time of danger. The next day a gale sprang up and lasted all during the succeeding night. With the coming of day the gale let up, but the waves ran mountain high. Suddenly a cry came from the man on lookout:

"Land close on the port bow! Hard a-starboard!"

The helmsman obeyed the order, but a mighty wave struck them and carried them on a bed of coral rocks, firmly fixed. Then wave after wave swept over the schooner, carrying everything with them.

CHAPTER XIII.—A Gruesome Discovery.

Captain, mate and crew of the ill-fated Lively Polly had been cast into a whirling sea, bristling

with jagged masses of coral, against which all but Paul and Dick were hurled inside of a very few moments, and went down, to rise no more. A special Providence, however, seemed to guide the progress of the two boys, and, escaping the perils of the coral reef, which surrounded the entire island, with the exception of a narrow break on the opposite side, they were cast, breathless and dazed, on the sandy shore of the island proper, a quarter of a mile from the spot on which the schooner had rested her devoted keel.

For some ten minutes Paul lay stretched out weak and exhausted on the beach, with the water half surmerging his body, as each wave rolled up on the sand. Then he slowly pulled himself together, and finally sat up and looked around. The first thing he noticed was Dick lying on his back a couple of yards away. He crawled over and shook him.

"Dick!" he cried, in a husky voice.

His chum opened his eyes and looked at him in a bewildered fashion. Then he began to strike out mechanically, as though he thought he was still in the water. The ridiculous figure he cut on the sand, like some huge new species of crab, caused Paul to laugh outright.

"Hold on, old chap, you're not in the water any longer," he said.

Dick spit out a mouthful of wet sand and ceased moving his limbs. Then he scrambled to his knees and the two boys gazed into each other's faces.

"Where are we, anyway?" asked Dick, spitting out more sand.

Then they got on their feet. They saw a long, low, sloping beach covered with white sand that had been washed up on a coral foundation by the continual beating of the surf. Up and down the length of the shore, and following in a line with the beach, was a ridge of sand hills. A number of scrub bushes, interspersed with palm trees, grew along the crest of this ridge. The chain of sand hills made a sudden turn in either direction, and not far from where they fell away to the westward on the level of the beach was a thick growth of underbrush, with half a dozen palms growing in the midst of it. To the seaward lay the outer ring of coral reef, with the wreck of the Lively Polly perched upon it, her bowsprit pointing skyward.

"Are we the only ones who came ashore?" asked Dick, looking up and down the shore in a vain attempt to single out one or more of their late shipmates.

"It looks as if we're all that's left of the schooner's complement," replied Paul.

"And what shall we do here—starve?" asked Dick, dolefully.

"I hope not," answered Paul. "Let's walk down the shore."

When they reached the thicket where the palm trees sprang up they found a spring of cool water bubbling up out of the white sand. It flowed away through a stretch of thick grass and sedge toward the interior of the island.

"We shan't want for fresh water, at any rate," said Paul, after taking a long drink, in which he was joined by Dick.

"That's lucky," replied his companion. "Now, if we only can find some fruit or shell fish we

may be able to worry along until a sail comes in sight and we are taken off."

They followed the course of the stream until they discovered that it emptied into a good-sized circular lake. Then they started to follow the edge of the lake. The sun was now out in an almost cloudless sky, and the late storm had fanned down to a comparatively gentle breeze. The circular spit of shore they were traversing was quite narrow, bounded by the lake on one side and the ocean, with the reef between, on the other. It was covered with low vegetation, through which sprouted many palms. When they reached a point nearly opposite to where they started from they found further progress cut off by a narrow inlet, which made in from the sea.

"That settles it, we can't go any further in this direction," said Paul. "The island seems to be a ring of sand and coral, with a single break at this point, the whole surrounded by an outer reef of the same shape."

"There doesn't appear to be any kind of tree but palms, and they haven't any fruit on them," said Dick.

"They're all young palms, judging from their height, and I've read that when young the center of the palm is soft, often containing a quantity of starch or sago, which I imagine ought to be good to eat. I dare say the outer reef is covered with barnacles, and they always attract fish."

"But we can't reach the outer reef without swimming, and if we swam there, how could we catch the fish?"

"A fellow can do lots of thing when driven to it by necessity. Now if the schooner holds together for a while we can swim out to her as soon as the water gets smoother, and then maybe we'll be able to get at some of her stores, though I have no great hopes of such a thing."

"S'pose we did—how could we get them ashore if the boats are stove, as I guess they are?"

"Why, we could make a rough raft out of wreckage held together by rope."

"That's so," said Dick. "Hello!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Look yonder. Blessed if there isn't a small sailboat making direct for this island, and only one person aboard of her."

Paul followed the direction of his outstretched arm, and, sure enough, there was a cat-rigged boat, her mainsail bellying out to the breeze, steering right for the entrance of the outer reef.

"I wonder who that can be?" asked Dick. "Who the dickens could be navigating the wide ocean in such a cockleshell. Why, the late storm would have sent her to the bottom in no time at all."

"I don't care who it is. He's welcome. The more the merrier, for company's sake."

They watched the stranger approach with eager interest and anticipation. The little boat soon shot through the opening in the reef, crossing the intervening ring of water, and drew close to the inlet.

"Why, it's a boy!" cried Dick, in astonishment.

As soon as the sailboat entered the lagoon her occupant perceived them, waved his hand several times and headed the craft for the beach. Paul and Dick walked down to the water's edge to greet the newcomer.

"Hello!" cried Paul. "Glad to see you."

"Same here," came back the reply.

He dropped the sail and the boat ran her nose

up on the beach. The new boy stepped ashore and grasped Paul's extended hand, and then Dick's.

"My name is Jeff Waldron," he said. "Jeff is short for Jefferson. What's your names?"

"Mine is Paul Prescott, and this is my chum, Dick Owens. We were wrecked this morning on the other side of the island. Our schooner, hailing from Boston, Mass., went onto the outer reef, and all but us were lost. We were just exploring the place when we saw you coming this way. Where did you spring from, anyway, in that little boat?"

"From another island to the southeast. Got there from another island still further east. There's a whole string of these islands running for many miles. I was blown off shore from a big island to the northwest—one of the Fiji group—where my father is located as a missionary. I was trying to find my way back by easy stages, but ain't sure if I can do it. I'm real glad to meet you fellows, for it's lonesome work sailing around all by one's self."

"Well, let's cross in your boat to the other side of this lake," said Paul. "There's nothing doing on this side."

"All right. Hop aboard."

Paul and Dick stepped into the sailboat, Waldron followed, hauled up the sail and away they shot for the other side, to a point about midway of the lagoon, where a thick clump of bushes and palm trees attracted their attention, for Jeff said he saw what looked to be the roof of a house there. It didn't take them long to cross, and while Jeff Waldron was securing the boat so she wouldn't float away, Paul and Dick started for the thicket.

"There is a house there for sure," said Dick, in some excitement. "Can't you see the wall through the trees?"

"I do," replied his chum. "Hello! That looks like a man, with his hand extended."

"So it does. Some shipwrecked chap like ourselves. And maybe there are more of them in the house."

"I don't like the looks of that fellow. I wonder what he's pointing at so steadily. If there are more like him they may make trouble for us. I'm going back to get Waldron's rifle that I saw in the bottom of the boat. Nothing like putting up a bold front."

Dick waited till Paul got the gun.

"He's still pointing," said Dick. "I've watched him ever since you were away and I'm willing to swear that he hasn't stirred an inch."

"That's strange. Maybe it isn't a man after all."

"Yes, it is. Don't you see his hat and cloak flying in the wind?"

"I do. He's holding something in his fist. He certainly is acting mighty strange. Just like a cigar store sign. Come on. We'll soon see what's the matter with him."

Paul and Dick advanced upon the motionless figure.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Paul, when he got close enough to look the gruesome object squarely in the face. "It's a skeleton!"

"A skeleton!" palpitated Dick, turning pale. "Oh, heavens, so it is!"

CHAPTER XIV.—The House of Death.

It was certainly a horrible-looking object, and what was stranger still was the fact that its gloved hand held a rusted revolver, pointed straight ahead. It looked menacing enough in good truth, but as there was no life in it the terrifying aspect of the figure was soon lost on the boys. As Paul walked up to it his attention was attracted to an open box on the ground. It was half-full of tarnished coins, through which sprouted the noses of several fat-looking bags.

"What's this?" he ejaculated. "Money?"

At that moment Dick stepped up beside him and was equally amazed at what he saw in the box. While they were gazing at what appeared to be a kind of treasure trove they were joined by Jeff Waldron, who, like themselves, had been momentarily staggered by the skeleton figure.

"I wonder what that scarecrow is doing here?" he asked. Then he said: "What are you looking at?"

"A box of money, apparently," replied Paul.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Waldron. "So it is."

"Hello!" cried Dick at that moment. "Just look at what's painted on the door of that house. 'A House of Death. Do Not Enter Here.' Now, wouldn't that jar you?"

"With a skull and cross-bones on top," said Paul. "Some big bluff, I guess."

"This money is no bluff, at any rate," said Dick, who was examining a handful of it. "They're foreign gold coin. I wonder how much is here? A good many thousand dollars, I'll bet. We're lucky."

"What good is it to us in our present fix?" remarked Paul.

"Every good. We don't expect to remain here all our lives. When we get back to the good old United States it will come in mighty handy."

"When we do, correct. But when will we?"

"Why, can't we sail away in Waldron's boat?"

"We can, of course, if Waldron lets us. It's his boat, and we can't force ourselves on him."

"Ho!" exclaimed Waldron. "You're more than welcome to go with me; but the boat isn't large enough to more than carry us three and a supply of provisions, if we can find any on the island."

"We could manage to carry that much gold along. There isn't over \$15,000 worth in that box."

"That's \$5,000 apiece," said Dick. "I never saw that much in my life before."

"Well, let's investigate this house of death," said Paul. "We want a covered place to sleep. That ought to be just the thing."

"I'm not stuck on sleeping in a morgue," chuckled Dick.

"How do you know it's a morgue?" said Paul, advancing to the door and striking it a heavy blow with the butt of the rifle.

The door swung inward and the three boys gathered around the entrance. A ghastly spectacle met their eyes. No less than eight skeletons lay sprawled about in every conceivable attitude. Their garments were nearly all rotted away, exposing the bones with grisly effect. Clearly, they had been there for many years, showing, with the

presence of the uncovered gold in the box outside, that the island had not been visited by any one in a very long time. The boys had tumbled upon a strange and horrible mystery that betokened either murder or starvation; but presumably the latter. The presence of the propped-up skeleton without and the warning sign on the door didn't seem to jibe exactly with the starvation theory. Yet if one or more companions of the dead men had escaped from the island, after doing up their companions, why hadn't they carried the gold off with them.

No matter how one tried to figure up the case the element of mystery still remained. And the chances were it would always remain a mystery.

"We can't sleep here, that's sure," said Dick, with a look of disgust."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Paul. "There's a spade over in the corner. We'll perform a Christian duty to these poor relics and bury their bones outside, then, as a recompense for the labor, we'll take possession of the house."

"I ain't struck on handling those bones," said Dick, with a shiver.

"Nonsense! They're entitled to a decent burial. If you don't want to help, Waldron and I'll do it, or I'll do it alone."

"Oh, if you mean to do it I won't back out of lending a hand, but I don't like the job for a cent."

Waldron showed no reluctance to assisting in the funeral operations, and so Paul got the spade and told Dick he would appoint him chief gravedigger, while Waldron and himself performed the office of undertakers. The skeletons all went to pieces, and Paul shoveled their remains into the hole. The grave was then filled in and a mound raised above it. Two big pieces of coral formed the head and foot stones, and the ceremony was over.

"I wish I had something to eat about this time," said Dick, wiping his forehead.

"So do I," coincided Waldron.

"And I wouldn't object to a porterhouse steak, with fried potatoes, bread and hot coffee myself," grinned Paul.

"Hold on, Paul, you make me twice as hungry as I was," objected Dick.

"Sorry, old chap, and also that there isn't any restaurant in sight. I think we had better sail out and see what's left of the schooner. It is possible we may be able to find something in the galley to eat. That part of her, I guess, is still hanging to the reef."

"I second the motion," said Dick, with alacrity.

So the boys adjourned to the sailboat, her mainsail was hoisted and she was headed out of the lagoon into the now comparatively calm water between the island and the outer reef. With Paul at the helm, she flew along until they sighted the wreck of the Lively Polly, just as they had last observed her. They were able to get close alongside of her and board. The stern of the schooner as far as the break of the trunk cabin was entirely submerged, but the balance of the craft was above the present reach of the sea. One of her boats was still intact.

"We'll cut that loose by and by," said Paul.

The three boys then entered the small fore-castle and galley. Here, to their great satisfaction, they found more than enough to satisfy

their appetites for several days. They carried everything of an edible order on board the sailboat. Then they cut loose and launched the quarter-boat, and filled her with such odds and ends of marine stuff as they thought worth while bringing ashore. Tying the painter of the rowbat to the stern of the sailboat, they returned to the place in the lagoon whence they had set out. Dick had thought to bring an old broom from the schooner and he used it to sweep out the top layer of sand in the house, after which they removed everything from the boats to the building.

Paul had also brought a small, empty meal-bag, and in this he tied up all the loose coin in the box. During the afternoon Dick and Waldron went to the outer reef in the sailboat to try and catch a mess of fish for supper. While they were away, Paul carried a small keg they had brought from the wreck to the spring in the thicket, and filled it with cold water. On his return he carried it into the hut and threw it down in a corner. It was tolerably heavy, now that it was filled with water and when it struck the sand something happened that brought a gasp of surprise to the boy's lips. Instead of making a dent in the soft flooring and lying there, it crashed through the sand, as though paper, and disappeared leaving a gaping hole exposed.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

"Well, if that doesn't beat anything I ever saw before," ejaculated Paul, looking at the hole. "I wonder what other mystery is connected with this house?"

Naturally he decided to investigate the matter. So he struck a match and flashed it down into the hole. The barrel lay less than a foot below the surface of the floor. It was resting on an ordinary sailor's chest. Paul stepped down into the hole and lifted the barrel out, when he examined the lid of the chest. He found that it was not secured, and raised it without trouble. The inside of the chest was literally packed with bags of what seemed to be money, for they were counterparts of the bags of coin lying in the open box outside. Paul took one of them out, undid the string that secured the mouth and poured its contents out on the sandy floor. It was gold money of a Spanish coinage of seventy-five years since.

"Whew! There must be a mint of money in that chest. A regular harvest of gold. This must be some piratical treasure trove for fair. Supposing each of these bags to contain \$4,000 or \$5,000, the top layer alone would amount to over \$100,000. At that rate there is more than half a million in gold coin here. Won't Andy and Waldron be surprised? If we can manage to get this money back to civilization the three of us will be independently rich. I suppose I'm entitled to a full half by right of discovery. That would give Dick and Waldron over \$100,000 apiece as their share. Those dead chaps we found in here must have some connection with this money. Probably that sign was put on the door by one or more of the men who got away after perhaps murdering the others. No doubt they could not carry the money off at the time, not having the

means of doing so. But they intended to come back after it later on, and put that sign on the door, and that scarecrow outside, to frighten away any chance visitor to the island. Still, why should they have left that partly filled box of money outside, exposed to any one's view? That fact seems to upset my theory of the matter. Well, I'm not going to puzzle my head over it. The question we'll have to solve is how to get away from the island and carry this treasure with us. As far as I can figure up the situation we'll be lucky if we can get safely away ourselves without trying to carry the money."

Paul returned the coins to the bag and sat down outside to await the return of his companions. They got back in the course of an hour, with quite a bunch of fish.

"Who says we haven't been lucky?" said Dick, in high glee, exhibiting the fish.

"Yes, you've been quite lucky in your way; but for real downright good luck you are not in it a little bit with me."

"What are you talking about?"

"You heard what I said, didn't you?"

"Sure I heard it, and it is a pretty good tom-fool story for you."

"If it was a tom-fool story I couldn't prove it. Now I can prove my words. Just come into the hut, both of you, with me and see what lies down in a hole which I found in a corner."

He led the way and they followed, wonderingly. When Paul showed them the contents of the bag he had taken from the chest, and then the chest itself, the two lads nearly had the blind staggers. Dick executed a kind of Indian war dance.

"What are you getting so excited about, Dick?" said Waldron. "We don't come in on this. Prescott found the stuff, and, by rights, it all belongs to him."

Then Dick looked glum.

"No," answered Paul. "I'm going to divide up. Say, onehalf for me and a quarter each for you two. Is that satisfactory?"

Dick and Waldron both declared that Paul was too generous, seeing that he had found the chest of money without any help from them.

"That don't make any difference. The money in the box outside is to be divided in even thirds; that in the chest in the hole just as I told you. Now then, we've got to put our heads together in order to see how we can manage to get the money away with us from the island. Remember that half a million in gold weighs pretty considerable. Why, that \$15,000 outside is a pretty good weight of itself for one man to carry any distance."

The boys postponed further consideration of the subject until they had cooked and eaten their supper, then they took the matter up again. The result of their deliberation failed to produce any practical results, and the matter was abandoned for the time being. Next day, under Paul's directions, they visited the wreck and brought away a lot of boards, together with the carpenter kit. During the afternoon they employed themselves making a lot of small boxes to hold four bags each of the coin. Altogether, it took fifty boxes to hold all the money. Next morning, to their surprise and delight, a brig anchored off the island and a boat came ashore, with the second mate of the brig, to look for fresh water. The newcomers were surprised to find the three boys

on the island. Paul explained their presence there and pointed out the fresh water spring to the mate.

The boys learned that the brig was enroute from Sidney, Australia, to San Francisco, with a cargo of coal. Paul, after a conference with the mate, went on board the brig to see the captain and try to arrange for their passage to California. He had no great trouble in coming to an agreement when he stated that he and Dick were willing, and fairly competent, to work their passage before the mast, while it was agreed that Waldron should act as cabin boy, without pay. Then came the question of securing transportation of the fifty small, heavy boxes, the character of whose contents Paul would not state. The captain agreeing to take them along, they were carried off in four trips of the sailboat. The quarter-boat and the sailboat were then turned over to the captain, and as soon as her water-casks had been replenished the brig hauled up her anchor and continued on her voyage to the Pacific Coast of the United States, where she duly arrived, without encountering any particularly rough weather. The first thing that Paul did was to telegraph to Lawyer Harrison, while Dick wired his parents. The next thing was to dispose of the old Spanish gold coin, which they succeeded in getting rid of to the sub-treasury of the United States at its current value of old gold.

It netted them a little over half a million, of which Paul took an order on Boston for \$250,000; Dick an order for \$125,000, while Jeff Waldron received his share in government notes. Paul and his chum parted from Waldron, who wanted to rejoin his father as soon as possible, and took a train for the East. Lawyer Harrison and Dick's father were on hand at the Boston & Albany depot at Boston to meet the boys on their arrival in that city. Almost Paul's first eager inquiry was about Dolly Curtis. Mr. Harrison made Paul feel good by telling him that Dolly had returned to the Roost a month after her disappearance. Paul and Lawyer Harrison, with Dick and his father, took a train for Gloucester on the afternoon of the day of their arrival in Boston.

The former two lost no time in going out to the Old Watch Tower to see if the missing will still reposed inside of the crack in the stone flooring of the second story of the tower. To their intense satisfaction the will was there and was easily recovered. Mr. Harrison recognized it as the one he had drawn up for Paul's father. Faber Prescott was located by the lawyer in Boston. We will not refer to the interview that took place between them. It is enough to know that Faber and his son, after receiving their legacies under the will, disappeared and were not again heard of by Paul or Mr. Harrison. Paul duly entered Harvard College a year later than the time originally set, and Dick Owens went with him. Both graduated together at the end of the four years' course, at the age of twenty-three. Immediately afterward there was a wedding at the Roost, when Dolly Curtis became mistress of the place, much to the satisfaction of the old housekeeper, who had come to regard her as an adopted and much-loved daughter.

Next week's issue will contain "PLAYING TO WIN; or, THE FOXIEST BOY IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

A COMMUNITY RATTLESNAKE HUNT

Dynamite, hammers and bars have been used by farmers of the Eolian community seven miles southwest of Breckenbridge, Tex., for four days in an effort to destroy a huge den of rattlesnakes on a hillside. Many of the snakes have been killed with the dynamiting of sandstone in which they had their den.

NEW VARNISH GUM FROM MEXICO

The Department of Commerce reports the fact that a resin can be obtained from the cuapinole tree of tropical Mexico. This resin can be used in the manufacture of the finest varnishes. One of the features of the new resin is that it is not soluble in alcohol or gasoline, as is the case with the majority of similar products, and can only be refined or dissolved by a process of melting. It


is pointed out that Mexico has been the producer of numerous resins suitable for making plain and fine varnishes, and adds that the cuapinote resin is believed superior to any of them.

KING DAVID'S ANCIENT CITY FOUND

Professor Robert A. Macalister, leader of the joint expedition sent to the Holy Land by the Palestine Exploration Fund and the *Daily Telegraph*, has unearthed treasures in the ancient City of David. The *Telegraph*, commenting on these discoveries, says:

"We can now positively say that he has discovered the ancient city, which was already centuries old when David captured it.

"One sees emerging out of the mists of the ages proof positive of the truth of the Biblical story."

 LOOK! LOOK! 

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

"And to pretend that you were drunk so that you could slip Miss Edna the revolver," added Jack. "Manuel, you're all right."

"Am I?" grunted the Mestizo; "down home in New Mexico everybody said I was all wrong."

He fitted the key into the lock and flung back the door.

Under the cliff the passage continued.

"The boss is in here," Manuel said.

"How did they come to capture him?" asked Edna. "I can't imagine Ramon and Tony laying violent hands on my father."

"They did it all the same, miss. I was not with them, or I would not have stood for it. They were out looking for the doctor, who had run away from them. They wanted to make him tell them more. They ran into the boss and got him. I had nothing to do with it."

"But, Manuel," said Edna, with a shudder, "Pedro laid it all to you. He said you started the whole thing—that you shot poor Andy."

"He lied, or, at least, he is mistaken!" retorted Manuel, fiercely. "It was Tony who fired that shot. We went back for more things. I had to go."

"Was Andy going to join you?" inquired Jack.

"Sure he was," came the reply. "Of course. He was as bad as the rest, except Tony, who always hated him."

"The last is true," sighed Edna. "They had trouble together very often."

They were advancing along the passage while talking, and now they entered a larger cave than either of those Jack had seen.

Manual flashed his lantern about, but they could see nothing of Dr. Furman.

"Father! Father!" called Edna, but there was no reply.

"Why, he's not here!" exclaimed Jack. "Is there any other way out of this place besides the one we came by?"

Edna knew of none, nor did Manuel. They searched, but could find none nor any trace of the missing man.

"We must go for Tony and make him tell," declared Manuel. "You have your revolver, senior; they are unarmed. You can force him to speak."

They started back along the passage and came to the door. It had an ordinary latch as well as a lock, and Jack started to pull it back, for, although they had left the door open, it was now closed.

"Why, this door is locked!" he exclaimed. "Man-

uel, did you leave the key in the lock on the other side?"

"That's what I did, senior, fool that I was," the Mestizo replied, with an uneasy glance at Edna.

"Who could have locked it?" cried Jack.

Probably he spoke loud enough to be heard through the door, for a voice outside now shouted:

"I locked it! Ah, there! Stay there and I shall know where to find you when I want you. Ho! Ho! Ho! In the end I shall have successfully disposed of everybody. I am the King of Death!"

"The mad doctor!" gasped Jack. "Now we are in a fix!"

CHAPTER XX.

A Mix-Up With A Morphine Fiend.

"Arthur was as much puzzled to know how to handle Dr. Glick in his present frame of mind as he had been the night before.

The old man's mental distress was terrible.

"Try to calm yourself," Arthur said. "It is useless to think of the past. What we want to do is to take care of the present and act for the best in this emergency."

"Good advice," snapped the doctor, "but how to follow it? That's the question. You talk of golden caves and other things, of which I know nothing. You say I robbed the best man who ever lived of money and papers. It is terrible! Where are we to find this cave? Why did these men, so kindly treated during many years, turn on their benefactor? Answer me these questions. Tell me what I ought to do."

"This man needs to be treated like a little child," thought Arthur. "I must be very patient with him."

"Listen, Dr. Glick," he added, aloud, "we shall have to take the situation as we find it. If I could get over to the range across the lake, I believe I could find the cave from the description of its location I heard Dr. Furman give my friend."

"But how can you? It is impossible, in your condition."

"There's the car. I can run it. What sort of place is it over there?"

"Desert, same as it all was here in the old crater before Dr. Furman installed his irrigation plant, except just around where the house stands."

"Suppose we try it?"

"I am ready for anything. Did he point out the location of the cave?"

Arthur called his attention to the lone pinon, and told him what Dr. Furman had said.

"Perhaps we can find it," said Glick. "I am willing to try anything, but you never could climb the cliffs."

"I can do more than you think for. My leg scarcely pains now. But, doctor, let me make a suggestion: search your pockets. If you did take that diagram and the accompanying description while you were—without knowing it, I mean, you may have it still."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

NEGRO BUYS VILLAGE JAIL FOR \$50

Clarence Ward, negro farmer at Bellport, L. I., bought for \$50 the one-story, 10 by 12 steel-lined town jail Bellport had used for twenty years.

"To keep my chickens in," he explained.

The building was one of half a dozen owned by the town of Brookhaven. The Bellport Village Selectmen rented it for \$10 a month, but since prohibition, it was explained, it had proved a loss.

The Town Board several years ago, after the escape of several prisoners, had the village blacksmith line the jail with heavy steel plates.

"What in the world will you do with the shack?" Justice of the Peace Valentine asked Ward.

"It's got other value besides housing my chickens," said Ward. "It's also bulletproof, isn't it?"

WINS 2,000,000 FRANCS AT PARIS BACCARAT

General de Bettencourt of the Cuban Army is returning home 2,000,000 francs richer, after a vacation of two months in Paris. Coincidentally the baccarat tables at one of the leading clubs, the most fashionable institution of the sort there, are momentarily deserted. De Bettencourt broke the bank. His run of luck was phenomenal and he bet his cards to the limit, which eventually proved to be beyond that of the club.

When de Bettencourt joined the club, taking part in rather light and friendly games, there was seldom a single player losing or winning more than 30,000 francs of an evening, but after the Cuban had won for a few successive nights the losing players insisted that the limit be raised. The General accommodately agreed, with the result that at the end of December he won 300,000 francs at one sitting. Then the other players decided they needed their money for holiday shopping.

THE VULTURE

The vulture has come into disrepute because of its habit of attacking the dead and dying men on battlefields and the weary wayfarer lost and dying in the great deserts of the world. Yet in some parts of the country the bird is protected by law because of its scavenger tendencies in clearing away refuse and waste from the streets. This is true in Africa, where the vulture is a necessary part of life. Long ago the Egyptians so highly regarded the vulture, which in Egypt has the name of Pharaoh's chickens, that they frequently included it in their drawings and carvings as the emblem of the love of parents for their children, for the vulture, of whatever type, is an admirable parent.

With the rising of the sun in the tropics the vulture ascends into the heavens, disappearing to such a tiny speck that it is difficult to locate him, even with field glasses. He has gone aloft

to survey the kills of the night. He has heard the lions roar and has detected sounds that tell him that the usual nightly tragedy has taken place somewhere.

His eyesight is truly telescopic and he can see things which man, even with the aid of powerful field glasses, could never distinguish. Both the eagle and the parrot are endowed with wonderful eyesight, too, but theirs cannot equal the vulture's. From his post a mile or more in the air he can spot a lion's kill on the earth and will drop like a stone on the spot, unfolding his wings when a hundred feet from the ground—this is always a preliminary to his graceful landing.

He can go several days without eating, but when he does eat gorges himself. The Egyptian vulture has been known to gorge itself to such an extent that it could not rise from the ground. Sometimes it cannot move and will lie on its side and still feed. They are often seen to run for forty or fifty yards, like an airplane, in order to "take off" from the ground.

There are a number of members of the vulture family, some more horrid than others. The lammergeier, which soars above the Italian Alps, the Caucasus and the hills of Spain, is not so repulsive a creature as the ordinary vulture. The average vulture has dirty, lusk-looking plumage, and its neck is bare, with the discolored flesh showing plainly. The lammergeier is feathered to the beak and sails with the grace of a yacht in the air.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

REFLEX TROUBLES

Scores of radio enthusiasts have constructed reflex sets which have never worked properly, due entirely to the inexperience of their makers and their lack of knowledge concerning the tracing down of troubles. William J. Schnell of the Electrical Research Laboratories has prepared a series of hints which if followed should locate the source of any annoying fault.

"When satisfactory results are not obtained," says Mr. Schnell, "the difficulty arises ninety-nine times out of a hundred from neglect to hook up properly the apparatus or from loose and faulty connections. Tubes, of course, are not all perfect and batteries sometimes fail to deliver their rated voltage. With continued service periodic replacement of tubes as well as recharging or replacement of batteries becomes necessary.

"In the event of trouble, therefore, first check all the wiring and connections and make sure that both tubes and batteries are in good condition. As an aid to diagnosing trouble, enabling the application of prompt corrective measures at its source, the following suggestions have been prepared:

RADIO FREQUENCY CONDENSER DOES NOT TUNE

"Either the connections to the condenser or radio frequency reflex transformer are imperfect or the condenser itself is open or short circuited.

SECONDARY CONDENSER DOES NOT TUNE

"1. Rotor of the variocoupler is open.

"2. An imperfect connection exists between the variocoupler and condenser or between the grid and grid return filament leads.

"3. The condenser is open or short circuited.

CARRIER WAVE WHISTLE

"This results from oscillating tubes. If not eliminated by increasing the coupling, there is either an intercoupling between apparatus that can be remedied by rearranging the various parts, or else the crystal rectifier is not functioning properly."

AUDIO TRANSFORMER DOES NOT "REFLEX" PROPERLY

"Disconnect the aerial and ground, and test by opening the circuit of the crystal rectifier, when a howl should be heard in the phones, disappearing when the circuit is again closed. If no howl is heard, try reversing the connections of the primary of the audio transformer connected with the rectifier. If this does not produce a howl, the transformer does not "reflex" and should be replaced with one that does.

CLICK IN PHONES WITH TUBES NOT BURNING

"With the tubes turned out no click should be heard when the phones are plugged in on any

circuit. Should a click be audible upon plugging into the one or two tube receivers or the first jack of the three tube receiver, the B battery is short circuited directly across the phones, as the result either of a faulty .002 by-pass condenser or improper wiring.

"If a click is heard when plugging into the second jack of the three tube receiver there is a mistake in wiring.

NOISES IN THE PHONES

"If crackling sounds in the phones are affected by tuning, and disappear upon disconnecting the aerial and ground, they are caused by atmospheric electrical disturbance. If they persist after disconnecting the aerial and ground, they are due to the following: (a) Leakage in apparatus resulting from imperfect contacts or defective insulation. (b) Defective A or B batteries.

"With the tubes not burning, if a crackling sound is heard when the phones are plugged into any jack, the trouble is caused by a short circuited or leaky .002 by-pass condenser. Remedy by replacing.

THIRD TUBE DOES NOT INCREASE SIGNAL STRENGTH

"Test by plugging the phones into the first and second jacks alternately, with the tubes lit. If a click is heard in both instances the trouble is due to the following: (a) Contacts of first jack are defective. (b) Audio transformer is defective. (c) Grid contact on last tube socket is imperfect. If no click is heard: (a) Plate contact of tube is faulty. (b) Second jack does not make contact or is short circuited. (c) B battery connection is not properly made.

"If changing the third tube to the second socket and transferring the plug to the first jack gives no signal it is evident that the tube is defective.

ANTENNA CIRCUIT DOES NOT TUNE

"1. If turning the coarse tap switch of the variocoupler does not effect the tuning the trouble is due to one of the following: (a) The primary winding of the variocoupler is open. (b) The aerial or ground connections are not properly made. (c) There is an open connection in the aerial or ground circuits.

"2. If revolving the rotor of the variocoupler does not affect the signal there is an open connection in the primary circuit, either in the variocoupler, the aerial or the ground.

"3. If placing the finger or a short length of wire on the binding posts of either the aerial or the ground improves the signal strength there is an open connection either in the ground or aerial, or else the antenna is not long enough.

FAILURE OF TUBE TO LIGHT

"1. Tube is burned out. Test by connecting the two filament terminals of the tube socket to the terminals of the A battery by means of insu-

ated wires, taking care that the bare ends of the wires themselves do not come together.

"2. Tube is not making contact with socket springs. Bed up socket spring until firm, positive connection is made.

"3. Rheostat is defective. Test by connecting the rheostat terminals together with a short piece of wire. If this causes the tube to light, the rheostat is defective and should be replaced.

"4. A battery is not connected. Test by connecting a voltmeter to the A binding posts of the apparatus. If the dial of the voltmeter fails to move look for a break in the connecting wires, for a faulty connection or for a defect in the battery itself.

"5. Presence of an opening in the filament circuit wiring. Check all wiring for open or loose connections.

WHY RADIO SIGNALS "FADE"

For several years back the Bureau of Standards has been engaged in experiments aimed at ascertaining the cause of "fading" radio signals. The Bureau conducted tests during 1920 and 1921, with the co-operation of the American Radio Relay League. In these tests, states the Bureau of Standards, from five to ten radio stations transmitted signals in succession on certain nights, according to pre-arranged schedules. The signals were received simultaneously by about 100 receiving stations whose operators were provided with forms for recording the variations in the intensity of the signals as received. The general result of these tests substantiates the theory that the sources or causes of fading are intimately associated with the conditions at the heaviside surface, which is a conducting surface some sixty miles above the earth. Day-time transmission is largely carried on by means of waves moving along the ground, while night transmission, especially for great distances and short waves, is by means of waves transmitted along the heaviside surface. Waves at night are thus free from the absorption encountered in the day time, but are subject to great variations caused by irregularities of the ionized air at or near the heaviside surface. These variations probably account for fading.

A NEW SOUND AMPLIFIER

To amplify the sound of a voice so that many persons may hear it throughout a large room, various methods are possible, utilizing properties of flames, compressed air, electrical currents, etc. Writing in a recent issue of *Comptes Rendus*, L. Graumont states that the sounds are, in general, distorted because of the mass of the vibrating parts which serve to reproduce and transmit the sound. M. Gueritot recently suggested a new electrical arrangement, which resolves all the problems of voice transmission. The vibratory part is formed by a cone of fine silk, on which is spirally wound a very fine wire conductor, preferably of low density, e. g., of aluminum. This cone is placed between the poles of an electromagnet, the poles being shaped exactly to fit the cone, and a circular collar fixes the base of the cone to one of the poles. Telephonic currents are passed through the winding of the cone, and un-

der the action of the magnetic field it is set into vibration, and, having practically no natural oscillation, it has no difficulty in reproducing the sounds which have caused the electrical currents. To allow the transmission of the sounds so produced a number of orifices are present in one of the pole pieces, and these orifices are at the apex of the horn. It is stated that with such an arrangement the voice may be heard in a large room, and with the aid of the vacuum tube amplifier orders can be given verbally above the noise of a machine shop. For outdoor use it can be employed from ship to ship or ship to shore, and in railway yards.

A NOISE-PROOF MOUNTING

With the introduction of the dry cell tube into the radio receiving world, many fans have been confronted with the problem of keeping the tube from "ringing" when adjustments are to be made to the set. This peculiarity of the tube, due to its super-sensitivity and mechanical construction, is often used to advantage in determining its activity as a detector or an amplifier, but most generally proves to be a source of annoyance.

The ringing sound referred to is the result of setting the grid, plate, and filament elements of the tube into vibration and may be produced to an extraordinary degree by tapping the glass bulb with the finger. When the tube elements are caused to vibrate, their relative separations vary slightly, thereby disturbing the flow of current between them. This phenomenon occurs only when the tube is perfect and is operated according to the prescribed requirements.

A convenient method for overcoming this annoying effect is a detector, or more particularly, in an amplifier tube, is a method used by the French army in the construction of their multi-stage amplifiers during the world war. It proved very effective in insulating tubes against the mechanical shocks of gunfire and the wear and tear incidental to transportation over rough roads.

The tubes to be operated, a detector and an amplifier, are mounted to a base of bakelite or some other suitable material, by means of their sockets. Two soft rubber strips of quarter-inch square cross section are then secured with small clamps to opposite sides of the base, allowing each strip to protrude two or three inches beyond the end of the base. Brass angle pieces are then fastened to the rear of the panel, and to the horizontal portions of the ends of the strips are made fast with machine screws. Nuts may be used for holding the screws, if desired, or the angle pieces may be drilled and tapped to receive them.

The effectiveness of the above method for protecting vacuum tubes against ringing is attributable to the fact that soft rubber is a poor conductor of mechanical shocks. Obviously, if stiff wire is used to wire the tubes of a set provided with this novel arrangement, its value will be lost, since the wires leading to the tubes will conduct shocks to them. For this reason, only flexible wire should be employed between the tube mounting and the remainder of the receiver. The rubber tubing required for this improvement may be purchased at any leading chemical supply house.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

BABY HAS SOME ANCESTORS

Mr. and Mrs. Arlington Ramaly, of Fireline, Pa., are the proud parents of an eight-pound baby boy which has six grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, three grandmothers and one great-grandmother.

BORN WITHOUT EARS

A rabbit without ears has been born in the animal house of the State Department of Health laboratories at the University of Pennsylvania.

The new arrival seems normal in every other respect. John Whalen, keeper of the house, has tested him and found that he can hear. Both the rabbit's parents have excellent pairs of ears and veterinarians who have examined the youngster are unable to explain the freak.

The head of the baby resembles a potato. On the left side of its forehead there is a tiny bud-like bit of gesh, which it is believed may develop eventually into an ear. There is no indication of an ear on the other side.

BROKER TRIES TO SELL STOCK IN SING SING

Sing Sing attaches received a letter from a New York broker urging that the funds that the prison's "idle rich" had banked during the holiday season be invested in stocks at 6 per cent. The letter referred to recent newspaper accounts about the money deposited to the credit of prisoners averaging \$800 a day. The letter was turned over to Edward Hickey, chief clerk, who banks the money for the inmates.

"We have brokers enough of our own," remarked one official, "to take care of any investments our guests care to make, but most of them prefer to spend their hard-earned money on something besides stock."

ADrift FOUR MONTHS

After being adrift four months at sea, during which time four of their companions died of beriberi, Frank Correia and John Lazaro arrived at

their homes, Providence, R. I., from Ciarra, Brazil, where the three-masted schooner William H. Draper, which sailed from there Dec. 13, 1922, for the Cape de Verde Islands, lies a wreck.

There were nine passengers and nine sailors aboard the schooner when it left in command of Captain Miguel Monteiro. A few days after leaving port the vessel ran into a succession of gales, which blew its sails and rigging away and drove it far outside the lanes of marine commerce and south of the Equator. Owing to the heat the boat's water supply went bad, and it was then beriberi made its appearance, and four members of the crew died. The vessel finally drifted off the Brazilian coast and was towed into Ciarra, leaking badly.

Correia and Lazaro waited several months before the American Consul could arrange their passage home.

LAUGHS

"Do you know the height of foolishness?" "No; what is it?" "Going into a stationery store to see moving pictures."

Ex-Hero—Ah, my boy, when I played "Hamlet" the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the house. Vicious Ex-Comedian (coldly)—Was he lame?

"I told your father I could not live without you," he exclaimed, sadly. "And what did he say?" replied the dear girl. "Oh, he offered to pay my funeral expenses."

Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively: "I can't help it if I am not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy, anyway!" "Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point out a moral. "Papa," came the reply, "when he was little."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the visiting Englishman, "why it is that you call America the land of the free?" "I can't say for sure," replied the American, "but I think it is because we have such clever criminal lawyers that it is almost impossible to send anybody to jail."

A teacher in one of the public schools asked a little boy why he had been absent a day, to which the youth replied: "My mother had the mumps, and I had to go and get the doctor." "But don't you know the mumps is catching, Johnny?" "Yes, but this is my stepmother, and she never gives me anything."

A school teacher who was giving a lesson on "food" was interrupted by one of his pupils. "Please, sir," he said, "Jimmy says he knew a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight every day." "James ought not to tell you such rubbish," said the teacher. "Whose baby was it that was brought up on elephant's milk?" "Please, sir," answered Jimmy, "it was the elephant's."

NEW SIBERIAN GOLD BELT

The so-called Stanovoi gold belt of Siberia is a potential discovery of far greater importance than any of the isolated Alaska or Klondike discoveries of the last century, says Chester Wells Purington, mining engineer and geologist of Yokohama, in a report to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, made just before he was lost in the Tokio disaster. He was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard, class of 1893.

After referring to the existence of untouched stores of gold, the report says: "Considering the surface extent already apparent, of more than 4,000 square miles, within fifty miles of the sea coast, over every part of which, so far as explored, gold is found, it is a potential discovery of far greater importance than any of the isolated Alaska or Klondike discoveries of the last century. The well-defined limits of the richer part of the Okhotsk-Ulya region gold fields made it comparatively easy to conduct further exploration. Horse Bay is a definite limit of the field on the east and the mouth of Ulya on the south.

"The incalculable amount of gravel burdening the wide valleys of the rivers concerned, taken in connection with the unusual amount of alluvial gold contained in such parts of this great mass as are visible or approachable, gives the writer the distinct impression that here, between the 58th and 60th parallels of north latitude and within sight of a great arm of the Pacific Ocean on the coast of Asia, there exists an untouched store of gold, which will be found extractable by accepted methods, deserving of serious consideration by economists who advocate increased gold production."

TALKING PICTURES PERFECTED

The Phonofilm, a combination of radio and motion pictures, the invention of Lee DeForest, has been demonstrated successfully, according to those who have heard and seen the talking pictures. It is his object to produce motion pictures in which the characters speak.

Dr. DeForest give this explanation of the process:

"In the studio a motion picture is taken in the usual manner, but, in accordance with the camera lens, which registers action, a microphone registers every sound made by the actor. A wire from the microphone passes through an audion amplifier to a gas-filled tube called the photiom, located in the camera. The light from this tube punctuates in exact accordance with the amplified telephonic currents which originated from the actor's lips.

"A very fine slit is located near the negative film through which these fluctuating light rays are registered on the sensitive emulsion of the negative as fine lines which are actual photographic sound waves and, being on the same film as the picture, insure perfect synchronism at all times.

"A positive print is then made in the usual

manner. In reproducing, a small attachment is placed on the standard motion picture machine. This attachment contains a small incandescent lamp which is placed in front of the photographed sound waves on the films. This light passing through the sound record, falls upon a photoelectric cell, its brilliancy being governed by the density of the photographed sound waves. The photoelectric cell's electrical resistance at any instance is determined by the amount of light falling upon it.

"The telephonic current from the cell is then passed through the audion amplifier, where it is built up hundreds of thousands of times. Thus, the actor's words are converted into telephonic currents, amplified, photographically registered on the film and eventually transformed back again into telephonic currents which are made audible by the loud speaker.

"As the motion picture must be projected upon a screen to be viewed, it is likewise necessary to project the sound in order that it may appear to come from the actor's lips. This is done simply by running a lamp cord from the machine to the screen where a loud speaker is attached."

A FISH THAT SPINS ITS NEST

There is nothing strange or unusual about the fact that a spider or a worm is able to spin a web or a cocoon of silky fibre—but that a fish is able to do that some thing is not well known. Such is the fact, however, and the fish that accomplishes this is the deep sea, fifteen-spine stickelback, one of quite a family of stickelbacks, both fresh and salt water inhabitants, whose spines vary in number from three to fifteen.

Just how he manages to do the spinning is not fully known; but there is no question about his really doing it. The nest, made by the male, is shaped like a muff with an opening at either end, of various kinds of material tightly bound together with the silky thread of the male's own spinning.

When the nest is finished, he induces the female to enter and deposit her eggs, which are comparatively large and number anywhere from fifty to one hundred. These the male fertilizes.

Other females enter, depositing layers of eggs, until the nest is quite filled. As soon as the eggs are laid the female departs, with no further concern for their fate. It is for the male to stand guard over them and to give a good account of himself to any intruder.

Some make their nests in little hollows in the sand at the bottom of the stream or salt water, and gather pieces of sea weed or grass to fill the hollow, on which foundation the eggs are laid. Others have for different means of carrying out their home ideas. The fighting qualities are so pronounced that the males hesitates at no enemy, no matter how large—all are enemies that come near the nest, and all must suffer. But after the three or four weeks that it takes the eggs to hatch, the young fishes are left to their own devices and must fight for themselves.

HERE AND THERE

ABOUT JESSE POMEROY

Jesse Pomeroy has served nearly 50 years in prison for torturing children to death. He was sentenced to solitary confinement. So brutal were his crimes and so phenomenal his make-up that his deeds are well remembered by old people. It was on April 23, 1874, that the body of a little boy was found in a marsh at Dorchester, Mass. The body was discovered by a policeman, and was that of a boy about four and one-half years. There was evidence that the little fellow had been put to death by a slow process. The body was horribly mutilated. The child was evidently of poor parents and was afterward identified as Horace Mellen. The circumstances surrounding the crime aroused great interest throughout the country. Full reports of the search for the murderer filled the daily papers in all the large cities. Ultimately Pomeroy, a boy of 14 years, was convicted of the crime. Three other children were murdered in the same neighborhood where the Mellen crime was committed and Pomeroy was believed to have killed them, but he was tried and convicted for the murder of the Mellen child. The prisoner did not seem at all affected by his conviction. He seemed more like a hardened criminal than a youth of 14. Pomeroy attempted to escape at least twice, the last time only a few years ago. It is said that he has read widely while in prison and that he has become somewhat of a linguist.

"PAINTS" WITH WOOD, USING 10,000 BITS

Two inlaid panels of wood portraying scenes in old Nuremburg executed by Gustav Adelhart of that city are among recent art accessions brought to this country. They are the property of Leonard John Doering of 458 Third avenue New York City, who obtained them from the artist in the city they portray. Some idea of the minuteness of the task of inlaying may be had when it is revealed that the larger of the panels, measuring 15x11 inches, contains over 10,000 pieces of wood and 500 separate varieties.

The artist, a descendant of Albrecht Durer, spends nearly three months in making a panel of this sort and aims at all times to produce a thoroughly artistic work rather than a freak showing a great amount of aimless labor. He has made an exhaustive study of many European woods and knows the art of cutting the grain in different ways so as to obtain various shades and textures from one kind. Some of the old stone walls of Nuremburg he has portrayed in brownish bits of wood resembling black walnut, a bit of reflection under the "Hangman's Bridge" he has made most realistic with clever insertions of a curly grained wood. With such accuracy is the work done that at a short distance it might easily be taken for a water color painted with care and patience.

The panel of the "Hangman's Bridge" is perhaps the most remarkable of the two, as the roofs for which Nuremburg is famous are worked out in an amazing array of inserts differing but slightly in tone. In the foreground walls each

stone is represented by a separate piece of wood and the mortar points are given a different color by inlays scarcely larger than a hair. This work is accomplished by handling the tiny bits of wood with watchmakers' pliers.

DINING SERVICE ON A TROLLEY

Getting meals while speeding through the country on a train is no new thing; but when dining cars blossom on a trolley system one may excusably open one's eyes to something approaching wonder. However, this is what the interurban line running between Chicago and Milwaukee has done.

Popular Mechanics mentions some of the engineering problems which confronted the railroad architects. The space was extremely limited; in fact, they had to get a complete kitchen into a space only 9 feet long by 2½ feet wide. But they did it. They packed stoves, utensils, sinks, mixing tables, coffee urns, tableware, a steam table and lockers for clothes into this tiny space and still left room for the chef to move and have his being!

Whenever an odd corner showed itself the architect grabbed it and put a door on it, making another cupboard. Here and there they had to cut notches to let these doors swing or slide open. They piped hot and cold water from place to place, putting the tanks on the roof of the car. They arranged for an ice box, which last was surely a triumph. Any householder knows that an ice box is not a small affair, no matter how you build it.

In working out the details the architect tried everything in the kitchen to see if it worked at its most efficient and space-saving rate. They discovered some curious things by this process. For example, it was discovered that it was quicker and easier to make coffee in the urn with water boiled elsewhere in the kitchen. This is now done and the coffee is kept hot by means of a patented heating device which burns alcohol.

It took several month's study to evolve the kitchen. The architect had to plan special framework for the dining car, as the ordinary car would not carry the kitchen devices with safety at the high speed achieved by the Interurban; for seventy-five miles an hour is not unusual for these electric cars. Their plan was to give all the comfort and safety of a steam railroad, and they succeeded admirably.

In addition to the dining car this enterprising electric line has added a chair car, with observation platform attached to its equipment.

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PERSONAL—Continued

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Bringing the breath of the Northern seas, the cutter Bear arrived at Seattle, Wash., from points bordering on the Arctic with a cargo of seal skins, fox pelts, walrus tusks and hides, fish, ivory and other typical products of the region.

A total of 7,566 fur-seal skins packed in barrels represented the last of the killings on St. Paul and St. George Islands of the Pribilof group up to Aug. 5. Another batch of skins amounting to nearly 20,000 will arrive on the Victoria late this month. The fox pelts were the last of the previous winter's take.

Blue fox reared by the Government on these islands are profit, living on the seal carcasses and beach food throughout the year. The arrival here of the Bear is an event, because of the usual circus of mascots picked up. This year's menagerie is no exception.

There was a mitsi, or Kamchatka brown bear cub; a tame Arctic fox, some Mongolian cats, a seal kitten, Anadyr malamute dogs, a tame penguin and a reindeer calf.

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THERE ARE
MANY BIRDS
AND BEASTS
THE ZOO
WOULD WEL-
COME

It was reported recently that photographs have been obtained of a notornis, an almost unknown, flightless bird, of which only four specimens have ever been secured. There are many other birds and beasts in various parts of the world which have never been caught nor even photographed and which the various zoological societies would pay tidy sums for. There is a nameless creature supposed to be living in the Andes Mountains that has so far escaped capture. Various travelers have brought back tales about it and many expeditions have been organized, but so far their efforts to capture it have been futile. Bones and other remains have been discovered giving evidence of its existence, and these point to its classification in the rat family.

Another animal known to exist in certain parts of the Congo has been named the okapi and was discovered about twenty years ago by Sir Harry Johnston, a British explorer and traveler. The discovery of bones and a complete hide proved the okapi to be an unknown animal, apparently a cross between the giraffe and zebra.

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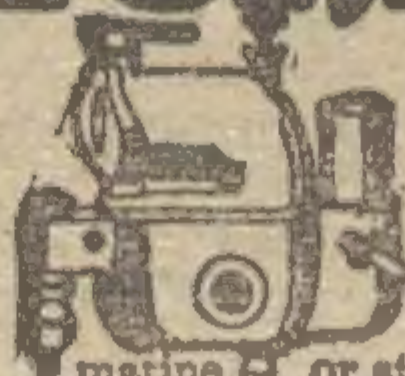
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